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e six months; its total variation from mean time being only
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ree months; its total variation from mean time being only
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The Independent.

NEXT OF KIN.

I PRAY thee, speak
More gently, since we are the next of kin,
Although the sleep which this death lieth in
We cannot break.

Than flesh of flesh
Was it not dearer? Yea, than bone of bone?
Oh hush! oh fear, lest at thy touch and tone
It bleed afresh!

I had the worst,
since, loving, trusting, with a joyous tread
To kiss it living—but, to find it dead,
I came, the first.

I will not say
That by thy poison in my arms it died;
I will not weep, nor groan, and by thy side
Will walk thy way.

And of this pain,
The heavy heritage, my equal share
With thee to take, to keep, to hide, I swear
And swear again.

I know the list
Of all the dread possessions: look upon
My face, and listen; see if there be one
Which I have missed!

Dead faith and loss
Of joy; and blindness which must always grope,
And find in all men mockery of hope
And falsehood's gloss;

And hunger still
And thirst which are not uttered; and the deep,
Unfathomed pains which even in our sleep
Their curse fulfill.

Be silent, sweet!
In dead face, like its living face, hath look;
Even in death it will not, shall not brook
One more deceit.

Oh, fill the grave,
And let us go the bitter way we came.
In place shall know it not: even its name
We will not save!

H. H.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY N. S. DODGE.

GORE HOUSE stood on the road from London to Uxbridge, less than half a mile distant from Hyde Park. It had been famous for a century when Lady Blessington moved there, in 1836. The great and good Wilberforce once owned the princely mansion and lived in it. As a suburban residence, until invaded by the advancing metropolis, it had rare advantages. It stood upon a commanding position within its own ample grounds, was almost palatial in size and appearance, possessed all the advantages within doors and the landscape gardening without of an English country gentleman's place, and was substantially built, conveniently arranged, and elaborately decorated.

Lady Blessington furnished Gore House magnificently. Though her income upon her husband's death had been reduced from his revenues of £30,000 a year to an annuity of £2,000, yet she knew nothing of economy. She aimed at sovereignty in the world of fashion and fashionable literature; and she obtained it. For thirteen years her *soirees* in Gore House were unequaled in brilliancy. Her *salons* were open nightly to men of genius, persons of celebrity, and travelers of note. More even than Holland House, Lady Blessington's rooms became the cynosure for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, the place of *réunion* for remarkable persons of talent, and the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, and science, strangers of distinction, public characters, and travelers that London has ever seen.

Take, for example, the years 1846, 7, and 8, when Louis Napoleon was—summer and winter, night and day, penniless or prosperous, an escaped prisoner from the castle of Ham or a special constable during the Chartist riots—either a daily visitor or constant resident at Gore House. In a long library, lined alternately with books and mirrors, and flanked by a deep bay-window overlooking the Charles II oaks in Hyde Park, sits a lady of remarkable beauty, half-buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a suspended lamp. Sofas, couches, ottomans, statuettes, busts, and pictures sumptuously crowd the room. Enamel tables stand here and there. Elegant trifles abound in every corner. The lady arises as the visitor is announced, and gracefully offers her hand. She is far advanced in middle age—approaching, in fact, sixty years, though she does not appear forty. Her singularly fascinating manner, coming as much from real kindness of heart as from knowledge of the world, has much to do with this. Then there are that geniality, *abandon* of care, consciousness of her attractions, and sunshine of good-nature in smiles and laughter that make her unsurpassed in expression and manner by the most beautiful of her sex. She is intelligent. Her wit, though keen, is good-humored. No more sweetly-modulated voice, low, clear, and silvery, ever added witchery to beauty. Besides, she possesses the aptitude of a perfect woman of the world. She elicits any peculiar talents in those around her. She appreciates mental gifts. Her own conversational powers provoke those of her listeners to their best. Add to this the charm of her rank, the rare *agremens* of her mansion, the good taste of her surroundings, the fashion of her company, and the constant presence of a friend whose fat in all matters of taste was decisive like Comte D'Orsay, of whom Talleyrand said that "he taught the English aristocracy how to converse"), and there are apparent some of the reasons of Lady Blessington's extraordinary influence.

It was here that Louis Napoleon lived as in a home for a period of more than two years. At those nightly receptions, never omitted, where from ten till half-past twelve Lady Blessington was the Minerva of a shrine where all the votaries of literature and art worshiped, the future emperor was always present. It was here he made the acquaintance of Disraeli, Bulwer, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lyndhurst. The Count D'Orsay was like a brother to the poor adventurer. Money was loaned him. Creditors who threatened the Queen's Bench prison were paid. He lived for months, week in and out, under the Gore House roof. Even when absent, his place was reserved at table. After his escape from imprisonment at Ham he made his way, ragged and moustacheless, at once to Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, and was received by them with open arms. His gratitude seemed to know no bounds. He was the foremost worshiper of the queen of English drawing-rooms, ever swinging his censer to her beauty and whispering in her ear soft accents of homage. Indeed, it was from Gore House that he departed, in September, 1848, to take his seat as deputy in the National Assembly, hardly at that time suspecting the destiny that awaited him.

Hitherto, be it noticed, Louis Napoleon had had no opportunities to serve his few friends in England. He acknowledged his debt of gratitude and was profuse in promises of future payment. It was all he could do. They asked no more. Probably no more friendly parting ever took place between two men of the world, no parting in which there were more honest expressions of untold obligations on the one side and more sincere belief in those expressions on the other, than that which the library at Gore House witnessed as Louis Napoleon bade good-bye to Count D'Orsay the evening of his departure for France. The Count was seven years only the senior in age. In accomplishments, intellect, influence, and social position he was immeasurably the superior. They had, nevertheless, become intimate friends. It had been in the Count's power to be benefactor, and he had used it. For more than two years Lady Blessington and he had stood unflinchingly by the side of the exile. And as they parted, it is generous to suppose that there was as much sincerity in the beneficiary as nobleness of heart in the benefactors.

Louis Napoleon, as the world knows, commenced in September, 1848, his upward career. From the election, in the following December, which made him president for a term ending in May, 1852, up through his dismissal of Changarnier, dissolution of the Chambers, declaration of a state of siege in Paris, arrest of 180 deputies, imprisonment of loyal generals, and successful *coup d'état*, that so reddened his hands with innocent blood that his wail to-day is,

"Out, damned spot!"

we need not follow him here. It is enough for this article that he formally accepted the imperial dignity and assumed the title of Napoleon III.

Meanwhile, a change came over Gore House. Observers did not see it. The flash of wit in the brilliant *salons* turned eyes away from the shadow in the boudoir. Laboring day and night at literary work did not clear Lady Blessington from accumulating debt. Harrassed at unpaid bills, she got no sleep at night. Sick to the heart's core of the mad whirl of excitement in which she lived, she had not the force to stir hand or foot to extricate herself. For two years she lived in constant terror of having an execution put into Gore House. During all this period the most careful precautions as to the admission of persons, both at her outer gate and hall-door entrance, were taken. While she was entertaining her brilliant company her servants were watching her gates. Pitiable! And yet pity hardly holds its own when unpaid bills of £4,000 for Indian shawls, £1,800 for laces, and £8,200 for horses and carriages meet the eye.

The crash came at last. A sheriff's officer obtained admittance in a ludicrous disguise. A fortnight afterward, Lady Blessington and her two nieces departed for Paris, honorably enough leaving all to her creditors. Thus ended in a flight, effected with privacy most painful and humiliating, this wonderful career of gayety and magnificence.

Early in May, Gore House was thrown open to the public, and all its hoarded treasures were sold by auction. The sale realized upward of £13,000, and, after paying her ladyship's debts, £11 were lodged with her banker.

Count D'Orsay, preceding Lady Blessington to Paris, (for he had shared in the family misfortunes), sought assistance from his quondam friend. Louis Napoleon was then president. The offices of the nation were in his gift. His will was law. No debtor to gratitude was ever more affluent. A single word might have discharged the largest obligation he had ever incurred. But he hesitated. In character, ability, rank, associations, and allegiance to party, the Count had everything in his favor. He had not, however, unscrupulous audacity; and it was this the scheming head of the nation needed in his favorites. Of course, reserve followed. The Count was treated as a mendicant. His receptions grew colder. There was no intimacy. Times had changed. Promises were abundant enough, but the old bond of Gore House had dwindled in the Tuileries to a single thread. The president was ashamed of his poor relations.

There is not a chapter in the sociology of the last five hundred years that reveals so clearly what stark-naked selfishness can exist in the human character as does the simple story of Louis Napoleon's treachery to Compte D'Orsay. It is badness. There is no adjective that can intensify the meaning of the word. Badness, without a redeeming feature; badness, without one diluting element; the badness that Milton ascribes to sin:

——"Black as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
——what seemed the head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Lady Blessington, upon her arrival in Paris, sought also her former friend. There followed the same result. The president was kind, civil, attentive, and coldly gracious. He lent half an ear only to the misfortunes of a family in which he had been more than a guest. He received, indeed, his former hostess at court. Once at a state dinner she and Count D'Orsay were among the number of notabilities. But beyond this, nothing. Not a promise was kept nor a substantial favor granted. Lady Blessington was found dead in her bed—dead of a broken heart—within a month of her arrival in Paris. Count D'Orsay survived her long enough to provide for her dependent nieces but too short a time to awaken in the breast of Louis Napoleon a single generous sentiment.

"I am sorry for the Emperor," remarked an amiable lady to her husband, who was reading aloud telegraphic dispatches from Berlin. "He is old, sick, and within the changes of a moon has lost everything."

"There was a gleam of humor," replied Benedick, "when Robert Burns wrote to the deil:

'I'm wae to think upon yon den
Even for thy sake';"

and a relish of large-heartedness in Uncle Toby's response to Dr. Slop's remark, that the devil was damned to all eternity, 'I'm sorry for it'; but there is neither humor nor large-heartedness in regret for the downfall of the only man in the civilized world who to the depravity of Milton's Satan adds the treachery of St. Mark's Judas.

THE WAR UPON THE GAMBLERS.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE village of Saratoga Springs is so largely the resort of visitors in the summer season that all good citizens, and certainly all Christians, should feel a lively interest in the morals of the place and heartily sympathize with all local efforts made for their promotion. It is on this account especially that we ask the attention of the public to the campaign against the gamblers commenced by the Young Men's Christian Association of Saratoga Springs, during the past summer, and which will be renewed next season, should the occasion call for it. The young men of the Association are in for the war, and mean to spare no pains to purify the place in this respect.

It is perhaps generally known that the famous John Morrissey—the swearing, prize-fighting, horse-racing, and gambling ex-congressman of New York City—has built a large and elegant club-house at Saratoga Springs. The cost of the structure is placed at one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. The cost of running the concern during the boarding season is set down at twenty-five thousand dollars. One of the rooms of the building is specially fitted up for gambling purposes, and contains several gaming tables, with all the utensils and facilities peculiar to this kind of business. In the rear of this room is a large dining-room, where, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the proprietor gives free dinners to his customers, charging them nothing for wine and cigars—expecting, however, to make the account good by the profits of his gaming tables. The whole building is brilliantly illuminated in the evening. It was generally understood that from nine to twelve o'clock in the forenoon of every day visitors were invited to call and inspect the establishment. A man of very accomplished and adroit manners was employed by the proprietor as a sort of "stool-pigeon," to explain to the curious and uninitiated all the mysteries and processes of the gambling system as there conducted. The rate of chances in each game in favor of the bank, and against all other parties, and hence the prospects of the latter as to winning or losing money, constituted the daily topics of this professional expert. His great object was to place the business in the category of respectability, and make a defense of what he termed "legitimate gambling." The whole thing was done openly, without any disguise or the slightest effort to conceal from the public the fact that John Morrissey's club-house was a gambling establishment. Not a doubt could rest upon any mind that such was its character.

For a period it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the fighting ex-congressman would carry the day. The people of the village talked about the matter; the visitors did the same thing; indeed, this club-house was one of the elephants of the place; yet no one ventured to take any steps or institute any legal measures for the suppression of this open and defiant gambling. At length the Young Men's Christian Association resolved to test the question whether the will of John Morrissey or the laws of the State of New York ruled Saratoga. A committee was appointed, of which the Rev. Mr. Dowd, the proprietor and principal of Temple Grove Seminary, was made the chairman, to institute a careful examination into the facts, employ legal counsel, and adopt efficient measures to break up this brilliant den of moral corruption. A warrant was procured from a village justice, directing a police officer to go to the club-room, seize the gambling implements which he might there find, and bring them before the justice, as evidence to prove the character of the place. The officer, on proceeding to the place, was met by the Hon. John Morrissey, who at first blustered in wrathful language and seemed not a little inclined to resist the legal process; but, on a wiser consideration of his own position, he consented that the officer should take an inventory of these implements—promising that on the following Monday morning they should be peacefully delivered up, if so required, and that he himself would appear before the court to answer for any crime charged against him. The ex-congressman was as good as his word. He came into court as he had promised; and then and there confessed the fact which was designed to be proved by the proposed seizure. In this way he avoided the seizure for the time being. He was then bound over for his appearance and trial at the next term of the Saratoga County Court.

Such is a simple and plain statement of the facts, as they came to our knowledge at the time. Earnestly is it to be hoped that the Young Men's Christian Association will unflinchingly pursue the prosecution of this case to legal conviction. They have the law on their side, and ought to enforce it. The law reads thus: "If any person, for gambling purposes, shall keep or exhibit any gaming table, establishment, device, or apparatus, or if any person or persons shall be guilty of dealing 'faro,' or banking for others to deal 'faro,' or acting as 'look-out' or game-keeper for the game of 'faro,' or any other banking game where money or property is dependent on the result, . . . he shall be taken and held as a common gambler, and upon conviction thereof shall be sentenced to not less than ten days' hard labor in the penitentiary, or not more than two years' hard labor in the state prison, and be fined in any sum not more than one thousand dollars, to be paid into the county treasury where such conviction shall take place." Another statute authorizes the seizure of all such gambling implements, and their destruction by the authority of law. The Young Men's Christian Association cannot fail for the want of law, and we trust they will not for the want of perseverance. John Morrissey's gambling club-house may be broken up, and the man himself punished for his offense as he deserves to be.

The resident population of Saratoga may be assured that the best interests of the village, in a pecuniary sense, to say nothing of its moral interests, will be promoted by the success of this effort. John Morrissey's proposition to make Saratoga another Baden-Baden, thronged by gamblers and others of the "baser sort," would, if successful, be a great calamity to the village, and in the end drive away more company than it would ingrite. Saratogians, as a matter of good policy as well as duty, should, therefore, heartily co-operate with the Young Men's Christian Association in thoroughly disposing of this infamous establishment. Gamblers, of course, do not like the movement; yet they are far from representing the general feeling of the great mass of those who visit Saratoga in the summer season. The effort has already awakened an earnest sympathy in a vast many circles; it has attracted the attention of the newspapers and been made the matter of frequent comment; and now, if it shall result in the conviction and punishment of John Morrissey, this will be the end of public and defiant gambling in Saratoga for a long time to come. So let it be.

THE CANADIAN METROPOLIS.

MONTREAL, Sept. 1st, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I THINK I never realized the fact that we had a foreign country on our borders till I woke up this morning in Montreal. It is so natural for an American to fancy that the whole continent of America is the United States that he can hardly believe that a few hours' ride from his own metropolis will bring him inside the Queen's dominions.

The route here, over the Vermont Central Railroad, is the loveliest ride by rail in all New England. You can take a seat in a drawing-room car in Boston, and are not obliged to leave your luxurious arm-chair till you reach Montreal. You are whirled by the pleasant borders of the Merrimack River for nearly one hundred miles; then across to the Connecticut, and up the beautiful Vermont Valley, with its fields of ripening corn and broad-backed yellow pumpkins; till you are whisked suddenly among the grand hills and mountains of Northern Vermont; and just before you reach the Canada line you catch a glimpse—the most charming glimpse imaginable—of the glassy waters of Lake Champlain. From first to last, you have passed through a landscape of perpetual changefulness, and even the drought of all this dusty summer had not obscured the greenness and beauty of this verdant state.

We arrived in Montreal late at night, and went directly to our beds. The morning dawned a little damp and misty; and, after I was dressed and while awaiting my breakfast, I stepped upon the little balcony outside my window, to catch my first glimpse of the town.

Looking up the street, I saw rising above the house-tops, and seeming almost to block up the way, the rounded top of Hochelega Mountain, from which Jacques Cartier looked first over the island which he named Mont-real.

The foot of the street was washed by the waters of the St. Lawrence, and I could see a section of Victoria Bridge spanning the way. It was early morning, and the street was just beginning to show signs of life. While I stood there, quaint little two-wheeled carts, with a seat or without, and with railings at each side, like a baby's crib set on wheels, each drawn by a sturdy little horse, began to pass. Sometimes they held fruits and vegetables, and sometimes they clattered along quite empty of all but the driver. Two priests, in long, flowing gowns, tied about the waist with bombazine sashes, waddled by, kicking up their long skirts with their clumsy boots—heels in a manner more picturesque than graceful. The priests interest one greatly. You see them constantly in the streets, and you can stare at them with great satisfaction, if you are fortunate enough to be a woman, because they drop their eyes piously at the first glimpse of a bonnet, and do not raise them again till it has passed by. I met two this afternoon—one of them young and tall and pale (it might be from fasting and devotion); the other, old, fat, red-faced, and jolly—both shuffling by in their long petticoats, toward the Jesuits College beyond.

After breakfast, we went to mass at Notre Dame, the French cathedral. All the way along the street people were interchanging greetings in an unintelligible *patois*, in which here and there a word of pure French was distinguishable. All the common people with whom I have spoken speak good English enough when addressing a stranger; but relapse at once into their own dialect when they speak to each other.

The lower classes in the street—the marketmen and women, the cab-drivers, small tradesmen, as well as the priests—are principally French in speech and manners; while the government officials, the larger shopkeepers, and the soldiers are English. A large proportion of the shops have French signs, and the bills posted in the streets are in French as often as in English. It was refreshing to see the familiar advertisement, "*Sirop adoucisant, par Mme. Winslow, pour les enfants*"; and to be informed in suave French that Helmbold's Buchu was a panacea for all ills.

All this on our way to Notre Dame, which bears the name and imitates the architecture of its great original in Paris. Very likely I should have been able to have shrugged my shoulders in genuine disparagement if I had seen the real Notre Dame. But, fortunately, under the circumstances, I had not seen it; and I thought the church fine and imposing. It is built of granite, as is nearly every building and dwelling-house of importance in the city, and faces on street or on open square, so that it shows effectively. Inside I did not find it so grand, although the roof is high and vaulted, and the large painted window in the chancel gorgeous in color. But it had clumsy pews and two tiers of galleries, like a Puritan meeting-house; and somehow the two styles will not bear mixing.

For a little while I watched the silent congregation at their prayers, apparently absorbed and uplifted by their devotion. I heard the faint murmur of the priest's voice from the furthest corner of the church, where he stood surrounded by a group of worshipers; and then, feeling a little self-reproach that I was unable to share the spiritual influence of the place, and was only moved by worldly curiosity, I crept out by a little side-door into the street again.

Down Notre Dame Street to Jacques Cartier Square. I wonder if that sturdy Guernsey sailor came over this very spot when he followed his Indian guides up the Mountain Hochelaya. At the head of the square stands, not a monument to Cartier, which one naturally expects to see; but, instead, a forlorn-looking column, crowned with a statue of Lord Nelson, which looks as battered as if it had been through all his battles. I believe this is modeled after Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, London; but, however that may be, it is no credit to anything or anybody. I descended the square to the market-house, which in the early morning is a lifeful and interesting picture. All around were the queer little crib-carts, which are the most charming carts and the most suggestive of rural innocence and Arcadian delights of anything I have seen in a long time. These, laden with bright-colored fruits and vegetables, fringed the market-house on all sides. Inside, the building showed a long vista of clean stalls and wholesome-looking tradespeople. It was a commodious and handsome granite building, and was no more like Washington or Fulton Markets than I to Hercules. But its chief charm to those who have breakfasted, and are not hungry at the moment, is the view from a platform outside the building, railed in with an iron railing, upon which two broad doors at the back open. There you have before you the St. Lawrence River, with the whole sweep of Victoria Bridge spanning it, an unbroken gray line two miles long, resting on solid stone piers. There is something very beautiful and fascinating about the bridge, although one can hardly tell what it is, as it seems to have no special architectural beauty.

Below the bridge is St. Helen's Island, where are fortifications and soldiers' barracks, seen among the grass and trees. By the way, the city swarms with soldiers today. We met them every moment, wearing little caps held by a black strap under the chin, a short half-fitting black coat or jacket, and black trousers. I fancy this cannot be their full-dress uniform; if so, they are sober-looking enough for the funeral of the English army.

We went, as everybody does, into the Church of the Jesuits, which is the finest church-interior in the city; and after that for a long walk in all the quaint side-streets and by-ways of the town, and in and out of all the odd-looking shops we came upon, to find something curious and fanciful to take away as a souvenir of the old city. Why does it seem so very much older than our oldest cities, I wonder? It is not so much more ancient than Boston, and Boston looks spick and span new beside it.

The most marked feature of Montreal is the prevalence of granite buildings. The principal streets all present a face of granite to the passers-by. Except a few of red brick and an occasional wooden house, the stores, churches, dwellings, and public buildings are all granite. Some of the houses are brick with stone facings, as we face ours with brown stone. The effect of the soft gray which pervades all the streets is cool and refreshing to the eye; quiet shadows seem to lurk among the stones, even when the sun is hot and glaring. I like it especially for the churches, and am sure there is no city in the United States which can show so many beautiful places of worship. Even the Dissenting churches have been infected with the general good taste, and the Presbyterians and Orthodox Congregationalists each have handsome stone edifices, graceful enough to shock their Puritan ancestors, who abhorred all adornments that savored of the mystic Babylon. The Unitarians, too, have a church which is very attractive and graceful, at the head of one of the prettiest squares in town.

Just now the hotels are crowded. It has been too hot and dry all summer for the usual influx of guests; but now they begin to pour in. From appearances and a limited experience, I should say the best hotels are about equal to a third-class New York hotel in excellence.

To-morrow we go down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. If I see anything of interest there, you shall hear of it.

A. S. R.

A CITY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

A RIDE of fifteen hours by rail carried us from the modern magnificence of Berlin to the antiquated architectural relics of Nuremberg. Nuremberg is chiefly famous in the gossip of the traveling public as a great manufacturing depot of toys and gingerbread. I must say, however, that its hobby-horses and rattle-boxes are no way superior to those found in other towns; and as for its cookies, I will match the Saturday's baking of any Connecticut farmer's wife against a cart-load of them. And yet fashion has uttered her decree; and the European pilgrim must not omit the toyshops and bakeries of Nuremberg, any more than he would the British Museum, St. Peter's Cathedral, or the Gallery of the Louvre. We were, however, upon quite another errand; for, irrespective of its puerile accessories, Nuremberg is one of the most interesting cities in Europe. Slowly but surely in other German towns the traces of antiquity are fading out, and the relics of the olden times are being crowded from the street into the cabinet. But, whether through accident or deliberate intent, Nuremberg stands to-day a monument without impair of the architecture and wealth of medieval times. It is evident that those old builders, whose ashes have been mingling with the soil of yonder graveyard for at least half a thousand years, entered into a solemn conspiracy to glorify the Gothic, as against all heathen architectures—Roman, Corinthian, and the rest. If these musty bricks and tiles, these crocked rafters and peaked gables, represent the spiritual aspirations of the inhabitants, what a metropolis of piety have we here! Alas! though all the roofs are steeples, and every house looks as if it might have been built for devotion, the rattle-boxes and the cookies have carried the day here, as they have almost everywhere else on the face of the globe.

If any documentary record of the foundation of this quaint old city existed, it would undoubtedly be found among the archives of the adjacent episcopal capital of Bamberg. These, however, have been searched in vain, and the earliest written traditions speak of it as already a town of considerable importance. So early as the year 745, St. Boniface is said to have established in Nuremberg Christian missions for the conversion of the Pagan inhabitants. But we found some Christian relics here, of which I will speak by and by, which show that there is such a thing as Christian Paganism, for the reformation of which Hottentots and red Indians might send forth ordained apostles. In the fourteenth century a dreadful pestilence broke out in the city, the contagion having been imported through commerce with the Orient. Theological bigotry was in advance of pathological science in those orthodox times, and some zealous Christian philosopher mooted the idea that the Jews had poisoned the wells. Instantly the whole community was ablaze with pious wrath; and, as a sanitary measure, three thousand innocent Israelites were slaughtered in the streets.

The council of the city decreed that their dwellings should be destroyed, and that upon the ruins of their synagogue should be erected a church in honor of the Holy Virgin. A statute was enacted that no Jew should remain within the walls of the city after sunset; and it was not until the year 1850 that any son or daughter of Abraham was allowed the rights of citizenship. Do you wonder I have come to the conclusion that several acres of Gothic roofs do not necessarily presuppose the same quantity of vital Christianity?

The Protestant church of St. Lawrence is the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture which the city contains. Its foundation dates back six hundred years, though its recent restoration gives it externally quite a modern appearance. One of the most elaborate pieces of carving which I have ever seen is the *bas-relief* representation of the Last Judgment, over the front portal.

Of the interior attractions there are the magnificent windows of stained glass; the fine altar-pieces of Wohlgemuth; and the Sacrament House, or receptacle of the host, a most wonderful piece of carving, sixty-four feet in hight, a delicate Gothic spire of almost ideal perfection, executed by Adam Krafft and two assistants, after four years of incessant toil. Of course, I need not say that this piece of mechanical piety transpired before the birth of Protestantism. In front of the altar there hangs from the roof a most curious piece of wood carving by Stoss, representing scenes in the life of Christ.

Second in rank among the architectural monuments of Nuremberg is the Church of St. Sebaldus, which is justly regarded as one of the finest buildings in Germany. Architecturally it is a combination of the Romanesque and the purest Gothic. On the exterior walls are to be found some most remarkable specimens of sacred sculpture by Krafft and other great artists. The interior of the edifice is full of fine works of art, sculptures, painted windows, crucifixes, and altar-pieces, almost any one of which would repay a long pilgrimage to behold it. All these glories, however, are eclipsed by the great bronze monument of St. Sebald, executed by Peter Vischer and his five sons, after thirteen years' labor. The weight of this famous masterpiece, which Kugler calls the most exquisite gem of German art, is eight tons. Without attempting a detailed description of this monument, I will simply say that it contains nearly a hundred figures of apostles, prophets, church fathers, genii, and symbolical animals of various sorts, besides the richest masses of foliage and flowers, all exquisitely blended into a great volume of sacred romance. Near the pulpit is an entombment attributed to Albert Dürer. The weddings of the city and vicinity are mostly solemnized in this church, and from this fact there has been given to one of the side portals the name of the "Bride's Door." We were fortunate enough to see this door utilized, and suspended our gazings at carvings and pictures for a brief space, while under the auspices of the patron saint two hearts plighted their troth to one another.

Among little picture-galleries, I know of none that will better reward a visit than that of the Chapel of St. Maurice, which has been transferred from the special uses of religion to the kindred uses of art. There is one picture here, an Ecce Homo, by Albert Dürer, which takes rank among the most precious treasures of old art. A step across the street from the door of St. Sebald's brings you to the threshold of this sacred enclosure.

A few paces distant is the monumental statue of Albert Dürer, by Rauch; and a little further on the house where the great artist lived, its walls in a perfect state of preservation.

Nuremberg contains many illustrious graves; but the simple mound which covers the ashes of Albert Dürer in the St. John's Cemetery is universally regarded as the one thrice-sacred spot on all its sacred soil. As if it were a law in this realm of death, which none might disobey with impunity, our guide led us from the gate without a halt, through all the labyrinth of sepulchral splendors, to the modest tab. let which marks the last resting-place of the great father of German art. His birthday is a regular annual festival, and with music and garlands the artists of the city and all the surrounding region congregate around his grave and cover it with their offerings of affection. Of all peoples, the German excels in loving enthusiasm to perpetuate the memory of its great men; and I may add that such is the multitude of these as to give half the days of the calendar a sacred significance.

Omitting to mention a host of minor curiosities, which could only be visited on the run, we will conclude our brief sojourn in this wonderful old town with a forenoon's pilgrimage through the Imperial Castle. Perched on a lofty rock, on the north side of the town, uncomely in architecture and covered with the traces of age, it is the very incarnation of a traditional and terrible despotism. A great lime tree in the court-yard, said to be eight hundred years old, was planted about the time of the foundation of the building by Conrad the Second, and seems to be a pretty even competitor with the stone and mortar in the race of longevity. About once a year the Bavarian king pays a visit to Nuremberg, and passes a night or two in these dismal chambers, which are plainly furnished for his accommodation. For the greater part, however, the castle is utilized as a repository of old relics associated with the history of the city. The well in the court-yard, three hundred feet deep, is worth seeing; but it did not detain us long, as we had but a few days before visited the one at Konigstein, on the Elbe, which measures exactly double this depth!

By far the most interesting room in the castle is the ghastly little chamber opposite the town, containing a collection of old instruments of torture. I never saw such an extensive vindication of the doctrine of total depravity crowded into so few square feet and inches. A fat woman, who seems to gain flesh in her stereotype recital of horrors, introduces you into this sanctuary of the Devil, takes down all the infernal machines from the nails on the wall, and explains to you in delicious detail the use of each—and all for the reasonable sum of about twelve cents. You shall see how people's noses and ears were scientifically cut off in the good old times. You may, if you like, put your fingers into the thumb-screw whose spiral threads have squeezed heresy out of a man and orthodoxy into him many a time in the golden age of theologic zeal. Really you would imagine yourself in a patent office, such is the wondrous display of various mechanical skill. I began to take notes; but when the fat woman handed me a sword which had cut off over three hundred human heads, and I felt of its rusty edge, my blood curdled and my right hand forgot its cunning. There was, however, another cabinet of horrors, in comparison with which this one was tame and insipid. Perhaps you may have read about the presiding genius of this. You enter a stairway in the Freithurm, and, with a candle thread your way along a deep subterranean alley. On the passage one horror prepares you for another more aggravated to come after. Here was a set of tackle for pulling people's bones out of the sockets; just beyond, an exquisite contrivance for breaking a contumacious saint's spinal column on the most scientific principles; still further, a cradle, studded inside with dull spikes, in which criminals used to be rocked to their last sleep. Then you turn a corner to the right, and stumble

The Independent.

FOUND.

WEARY with wandering in the outer cold,
Bleeding and bruised from thorny ways,
My precious lamb at last hath sought the fold.
Dear Shepherd, take the praise!

"Not lost, but found"—from all life's bitter loss—
Found in the shelter of Thy grace;
Found in the blessed shadow of Thy cross.
Dear Shepherd, take the praise!

It is Thy love alone that doth provide
Thy flock a sure abiding-place;
Alone Thy love doth gather them, and guide.
Dear Shepherd, take the praise!

It was Thy love that called her from afar,
Over a waste of dreary days;
It was Thy love shone forth her guiding-star.
Dear Shepherd, take the praise!

Oh, may Thy love, Thy changeless love, upbold
Her steps through Thine appointed ways;
Then, in the pastures of Thine upper fold,
Dear Shepherd, take the praise!

L.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WE were sitting on Strawberry Hill, Helena and I. Dear Strawberry Hill! This was our last evening, our last climb; and, as if to make us sorrier, the sunset was the most beautiful of all the beautiful summer. Mount Washington's lofty dome had put on charming robes of purple. The Franconias looked first blue-black, then vivid rose, as the color swept over and transfused them; overhead the pink flames floated to the zenith; while far away across the smiling Southern Valley the distant Green Mountain ranges lay in a bath of clear golden light.

We looked at all this with the eyes of those "who might not look again." This pleasure, hard won and long in coming, was over; and there was no knowing if ever it might be repeated. Perhaps for that very reason our happiness had been greater. We used to wonder if the rather bored-looking, stylish parties who rolled past our cheap little retreat, on their way to the Profile or the Notch, could possibly be enjoying the mountains as we did. I don't know; but I think not. There is a great deal in having one's treats difficult to come by; a good deal in taking them at the end of a winter of hard work; and if, in addition to this, you happen to be an old maid and a governess, you may be safely trusted to taste the full rapture of a holiday like ours. Under this combination of circumstances, the repose and freshness, the beautiful sights, the very sound and smell of the air, become elements of bliss inconceivable to well-to-do people, who can balance one pleasure against another, and pronounce the "open sesame" which unlocks the hill country whenever they feel inclined.

This was our last night, and we were both rather blue. It was not merely going back to our work—we were used to that; but, for the first time in some years, we were not going back together. I was bound for New York; and my cousin, whose pupils were the daughters of a Southern planter, was to accompany them to New Orleans for the winter. She had been sorry at first; but a cough in the spring settled the question, and now the idea of a tropical winter had become rather attractive—all but the leaving me. That was a serious trouble to me; for be it known Helena was a sort of husband to me, as well as a friend; and her lover-like anxieties for my welfare were a little comical, though inexpressibly sweet.

Is somebody smiling at the notion of a romantic friendship between two old maids? I should like to know who have a better right. And be it known that in these copartnerships there is almost always just that difference of character which would be a bond of attraction between persons of opposite sex. One needs to serve the other to be served. One instinctively takes the windward side of things, and turns the roughness away from the other, who as instinctively clings to the kind shelter. Helena was a born keeper and defender; while Nature meant me to be petted and taken care of from my cradle to my grave. Nature's kind design had been thwarted, no doubt, as often happens; and, of course, a little sale hangs thereby, which I don't mind telling: first, because it is short and commonplace; and, second, because it is *now* instead of *then*, and—but I mustn't spoil it by giving you the end before the beginning.

That there was a young man in the story I needn't say. His name was John—John Church. I could just remember him at twenty-one—the bonniest laddie that ever wooed a Jenny. And there the story ended; for he went away to California, leaving a little turkois ring on my finger, and a promise, sandwiched between the kisses, to come back at the end of three years. People said it was a foolish affair, for I was only seventeen. And before I was twenty-five I had learned to think so too; for he didn't come back, the letters which used to appear regularly every few weeks at first had dwindled into utter silence, and nobody knew exactly where John was. Rumors came to our quiet village about him. He was grown rich; he had lost everything; he had died at the mines; last of all, he was married. But he never came; and this last rumor, being the likeliest of all, was pretty generally accepted as the reason of his non-appearance. That I suffered I will not deny; but the hard facts of life gave me other work to do besides sentimental grievings. Sickness came, and death came, and the hard struggle to make the wherewithal to live. At twenty-five I could call it a youthful folly, at thirty-five almost smile at the remembrance; but none the less had it cost me the bloom of my youth. Work soon makes a woman old. Before I had ceased dreaming, my pink cheeks and girlish dimples were gone; and now, a quiet little woman, no longer young, I was content to have it so—content with the order and peace of my middle age, and only at times feeling a rush of the old impetuous emotion, which has cost such bitter tears.

But I am making a long story of it; and such a commonplace story, too. Half the single women in the world have such an one to tell; only they will never tell it until—but I forgot again.

"Do you know," said my cousin, at last, after a little silence, "that I really think it is as well we are going so soon?"

"Oh, why?"

"Because everything seems to be winding up in the village, now that the season is over. All the horses started this morning for Canada! No more drives for us, Miss, even if we had any money left! And Mrs. Garrett says that after to-morrow there will be only two mails a week."

"Good gracious!"

"Wait; that's not half! After next Sunday there will be church only once a month! What do you say to that?"

"Worse and worse."

"Well, the hotel closed yesterday. We are the last 'boarders' in the village. I wonder if anybody ever stayed before to see things wound up. I'm not sure they won't take Mount Washington down by and by, and put him away for the winter."

"What do you suppose the people do with themselves?"

"Oh, they get along after a fashion. Mrs. Garrett says when the snows come it is often a fortnight, sometimes three weeks, that not a soul gets over from the Hollow—no butcher, no mail, nothing."

"What do they eat?"

"Oh, they 'kills theirselves,' as *Punch* says, and there is always salt-pork and beef and those famous mountain potatoes. By the way, Bess, speaking of potatoes, the light has nearly faded. What do you say to going down?"

"Just one minute." I turned from side to side for a last look. How one does get to love mountains! I felt an actual lump come into my throat as I bade my mountains good-bye.

"Now!" and down we ran, hand in hand, over the crisp grass and crumbling white lichen. Mrs. Garrett met us on the steps. Dear, good woman, what trouble she had taken to set out a feast for our last evening. What snow-white honey, what yellow cream, what magnificent brown-jacketed potatoes. Upon the table lay a letter. Helena opened it, and her face fell.

"Oh, Bessie! isn't this too bad? Mr. Adair and the girls have left Boston and are at the Crawford House. I must join them there, they write; and how *will* you manage?"

It was a branch of my weak-mindedness to be very shy about traveling alone, and my cousin knew it. There was no help, however.

"Mrs. Garrett, how shall we manage for this poor child? Mr. Rumrill said he was going to the Notch to-morrow, so I can get a seat in his wagon. Can Bessie take the stage?"

"Bless you, no, Miss Helena; there ain't none. You see it stops making regular trips to-morrow, because of its being the first. It only runs Tuesday and Friday now."

"And to-morrow is Wednesday! Well, has anybody a wagon that can be hired?"

Mrs. Garrett's kind face drew into innumerable puckers, in the effort to evolve a wagon from her memory. "Wagons is dreadful hard to come by, I'm afraid, Miss Helena, because of the horses being sent off. Let's see; there's that two-seated one of old Mr. Quimby's, if there was anybody to drive it. Perhaps Billy'd go."

I knew "Billy" as a semi-idiotic youth of sixteen, who haunted the coach-stables, and I was by no means rapturous at the prospect of his guidance for a six-mile drive.

"Oh, Mrs. Garrett, isn't there somebody else?"

"I so sorry, Miss Bessie; but somehow—let me see. Square Peter's boys are all off to Canady with their horses, and Rumrill's goin' to the Notch, and Tom's away to Jefferson Hill."

"And old Mr. Quimby?"

"Oh, bless you, *he* can't. He's so stiff with rheumatics that he'd as soon fly as take that jolting ride to the Hollow. There don't seem anybody but Billy, really, Miss Bessie."

"*Aut Billy aut nihil.*" Mrs. Garrett departed in search of him; and pretty soon he appeared, his shock-hair on end and his lack-luster eyes agog with excitement.

"Do you know how to drive, Billy?"

"Better b'lieve I kin."

"And do you know the road to the Hollow?"

"Yes'm."

"And what would you ask for taking this young lady there to-morrow morning at seven?"

A look of speculation appeared in the orbs which Billy rolled withal—the first I had ever noticed there. He hesitated, fumbled in his pocket, then spasmodically jerked out, "Six dollars."

"Six dollars! Oh, that's a great deal too much, Billy. Why, the stage-fare is but two."

"Stage is took off," said Billy.

"Yes; but you ought not to ask so much more than the regular price for carrying a single person."

"Just as much trouble one as four," replied Billy, shrewdly. "Waggin holds four. Take 'em all for same money."

This was unanswerable. I examined my purse. It could be managed, though it left but a slender margin over my railway expenses. So the bargain was struck. Next morning, at day-break, we kissed good-bye on the door-steps and departed, Helena in the direction of the Notch and I of the Hollow—the nearest way out into the civilized world.

Such a drive I hope never to take again. Jehu the son of Nimshi was nothing to Billy; and Biger's Leonafir no more helpless than I. Down hill we flew, with tremendous *vivochets* now and then from projecting roots or rocks, and then up the corresponding rise at a gallop, the horses foaming, and Billy brandishing in triumph his long whip. My trunk broke loose from its moorings, and menaced my spine with its bumps and plunges. Appeal was in vain; and I was never so glad in my life as when the depot appeared in sight, and Billy, depositing me on the platform, received his fee, and with a grin of friendly adieu departed at a hard canter.

There were no signs of a train about the depot, which surprised me not a little.

"When does the train start?" I asked a man who stood by.

"Train! Wal, there ain't none to-day!" he answered, deliberately.

"What *do* you mean?"

"Wal, fact is, reg'lar train's took off. Fust of October, you know. Runs twice a week now—connectin' with the stage. Won't be along 'fore Friday."

I was in despair. "What *shall* I do?" I said to myself. "If I stay here two days, my money will not take me to New York. Oh, that wretched Billy!"

Just then a snorting puff became audible; and up the road, slowly rounding a curve, appeared a locomotive. A rough car of some sort was attached, and behind a long line of pens.

"Where does that train go?" I asked, desperately, clutching at my chance.

"That train, mum? To Wells River."

"Wells River! Why, that's where I want to go."

"Wal, yes; but that's the cattle-train, mum. It wouldn't be comfortable for a lady, no how."

"Oh. I don't mind whether its comfortable or not, if only they will take me to the Junction. Do go and see if they won't. I should be so much obliged to you."

The man stared, but went. After some confabulation, he returned.

"You can go, mum, if you're a mind to; but they're a rough set, those drovers. You'd better wait, I guess."

"Oh, thank you; but I can't wait. I'm so anxious to get on."

"Then here you go." And go we did, my trunk and I, shot by the stout pair of arms up into the drovers' car. It was like a big wood-box upside down, with two small windows cut pretty high up. A bench ran round the whole. I perched myself upon it. One of the men shoved my trunk forward, to serve as a rest for my feet. A short delay; a screech from the engine; we were off.

The drovers were big, burly fellows. Such huge shoulders and fists are not often seen in these degenerate days; but they seemed peaceable enough and civilly inclined. The man next me took his pipe out of his mouth, and moved along to give room; and the intentions of all seemed of the best, except that the apparition of a lady in their midst was so very surprising that they could not help staring, and one large, round pair of eyes after another settled unwinkingly upon my features, till I was fain to pull down my veil and take refuge behind its folds. I really suppose they could not help it.

After a while it grew more comfortable, and I ventured to look about a little. There was one man in the car who wasn't a drover. His back was turned partly toward me, and the rough gray suit he wore was not much of an advance upon the clothes of his companions; but I felt sure I was not mistaken. He smoked a cigar, for one thing; he did not stare, for another; and the book he held was one of Bohn's nicely-bound volumes. In short, attitude, air, everything bore the stamp of that indefinable something which appeals to an educated eye and tells of the gentleman. What on earth had brought him there I could not imagine; and I amused myself trying to invent reasons, as we jolted on.

Slow and heavy was our progress. Now and then we stopped to take on more cattle-pens. It was curious to look back and see the great horns above the bars, and to hear the lowings and bleatings of the poor creatures. The road ran by the river; and it was so pretty, with the blue water and illumined banks, that I found myself enjoying a good deal, in spite of the unpleasant discovery that we should arrive at the Junction too late for the morning train, and must wait all day for the night express. It was so much better than what I had dreaded—remaining at the Hollow and exhausting my resources—that I felt only thankfulness and submitted without a murmur to the delay.

The drovers by and by recovered from the stupefying effect of my presence, and began to be lively and jocular. After a time a young man they called Jim produced a black bottle and handed it about. Nobody drank much but himself; its effects upon him soon became apparent. He was first noisy and boisterous, and then grum and surly. During the first stage he staggered toward me and offered the bottle. But the others jerked him back; and soon after, the reaction coming on, he subsided upon a bench, much out of temper, and I heard some mutterings about "women going about in cars and always in the way," which made my cheeks flush painfully.

Apparently my "gentleman" heard them, too; for he changed his seat and got between me and the mutterer. Shortly after, oh, joyful sound! a strangled shriek from the engine announced the Junction in sight. We passed heavily round a curve, on a bridge, and stopped.

"Now, ma'am," said one of the men, "jest put your foot on this 'ere, and I'll jump you down."

I rose; but the surly "Jim" rose also, and, with a muttered oath, pushed past, throwing me violently back, and made for the door. The gentleman started up; but one of the drovers was quicker than he. He thrust out a foot. Jim stumbled, fell heavily forward, struck the platform with a loud thump, and lay without sense or motion.

Then ensued a commotion. "Jim's dead," said his friends. (I regret to say they added, "Sarve him right.") But they bundled out *en masse* and picked him up. The gentleman helped me down, and we followed to the waiting-room, whither the prostrate form had been carried.

There was a cut on his forehead, which bled freely.

"He's only stunned, I think," said my friend, examining him. "Ask the station-master, some of you, if he has any rags."

No; the station-master had nothing of the sort. I had a couple of clean pocket-handkerchiefs. "Would these do?" I inquired.

"The very thing; thank you. Here, somebody, take hold of the end of this."

He had torn the handkerchiefs into strips, and now held out the end of the extempore bandage. Nobody offered to take it. The big fellows he appealed to absolutely turned pale. "I can't," one of them said. "I can't bear the sight of blood." And such a general stampede ensued that the patient was left to our tender mercies. My companion laughed, and handed me the bandage without ceremony.

"Hold it so, please. That's it, exactly. Now do you happen to have a bottle of hartshorn?"

I had a phial of ammonia in my bag, which answered every purpose. A few minutes more and Jim opened his eyes. The shock had sobered him. He announced himself possessed of a "thunderin' big headache"; but, when informed by his friends that "that ere lady has been a tearin' up of her handkerchiefs to tie your head, you fool you!" he swore I was a "brick," and, in his vociferous gratitude, insisted on a general shaking of hands, after which ceremony his friends took him off somewhere to lie down. I sat awhile in the hot depot and tried to read, but my own head began to ache, after the worries of the morning; so, stacking my bag, umbrella, and traveling-book in a corner, I decided to go for a walk in the fresh air.

A tempting little path was visible across the road, which seemed to lead up a low hill, whose top nodded with hemlocks. This I took, and ere long found myself looking down upon the village in its nest of bright-clad hills and the curves of the blue river, whose banks flamed with scarlet cranberry vines. Here I made for myself a resting-place among the dry mosses; and, with my cheek pillowed in my hand, lay watching the enchanted light that bathed the distance and made the day dreamlike, until the dream became real. I fell asleep.

A sleep full of dreams; and among them somehow came back a figure which my waking moments had ceased to know. I woke half-crying, half-laughing.

John Church, indeed! That old nonsense was put an end to long ago; and what was I making a goose of myself about?

I was still sitting in this semi-bewitched condition (not quite sure whether I was in or out of the body) when a sort of roaring or bellowing fell upon my ear, and, looking down, I saw a red animal charging up the hill directly at me. Oh, wasn't I in the body in one second, and that body on its way to the nearest fence. A fence always seems to woman a heaven-sent barrier against a bull, and that this was a bull I did not doubt for a moment; and, if there's anything in the world I'm afraid of, that's it. I would rather face a lion any day. (N. B.—Perhaps because one is so seldom called on to face lions, while cows and things absolutely darken the atmosphere wherever you turn.) My knees smote together with fright; the fence seemed miles away. Whether I should have ever reached it I cannot say. Just at this crisis of despair, when the thick pantings of the beast sounded in my very ears, a tall figure, armed with a stick, sprang over the fence to my rescue. In another moment my foe was rushing down the hill as fast as he had come, and I was sitting on the ground—so spent and weak that for the life of me I could not stir, could not rise, could not even say "thank you"—though my deliverer was approaching, and, as I now saw, was no other than the gentleman of the cattle-car.

"Oh, I am so much obliged to you," I managed to gasp out, at length.

"Not at all. I wish I could have got here sooner and saved you such a fright."

His voice sounded strangely, and somehow, as I looked at him, his face looked different—eager and a little excited. I didn't quite know what to make of him.

"I never was so glad to see any one before in my life! How lucky that you happened to come this way."

"There was no 'happen' about it. I came here on purpose to find you!"

I started.

"Yes," he went on, "the fact is, I went back to the depot; and there I took the liberty to open a book of yours which was lying with your things. And in it I found a name—the name of an old friend—a friend whom I fear has quite forgotten me," eying me keenly, "during the eighteen years which have passed since we met!"

Eighteen years! I grew dizzy for a moment. It wasn't John—John Church?

"Even so, Bessie," answering my look. "I don't wonder you didn't recognize me, I've grown such a rough fellow; but it's strange enough that I didn't make you out before. You had your veil down, to be sure; and then I hardly looked up when we were busy over the drover. Still, I should have thought," he cleared his throat, "the very look of your little fingers might have told me. They did make me think of you, sure enough." And he held out his hand for another shake.

Good gracious! My John Church—the John of long ago—was as different from the present John as two men could be. It made me so confused and uncomfortable at first that I could hardly speak; but pretty soon I recollected that we were middle-aged people now, and I as much altered as he. By and by we grew easier; and, as John went on to tell me of his California experiences, I gradually begun to see where he had and had not altered, and to feel at home with him again.

He had been busy all these years—first at the mines and then in San Francisco; and, though he hadn't made his fortune, he had brought back enough to live on, and got a good situation in New York besides. He had just been up to see a coal mine in Lower Canada, he said; and that was the way he happened on the cattle-train. And he wasn't married. He grew a little red when he said this, and so did I. We didn't speak of our old semi-engagement; but I guessed pretty well how it had been, and that, though he had gradually got to thinking of it as a foolish, youthful affair, it had kept him from falling in love with any one else, till the proper period for that sort of thing was past. Of course, we were too old for any nonsense now!

We sat and talked all the afternoon, and by sunset I think we felt as well acquainted as ever. Probably, if events had turned out differently, John would hardly have thought of me again; but meeting in that queer, unexpected way seemed to make it easy to fall into the old intimacy. Well, well, when the dusk began to fall, he helped me down the hill; and pretty soon the train came along and we went our way.

There isn't much more to tell. I dare say half the young people who read THE INDEPENDENT guessed long ago how it was going to turn out; but I can assure them that it was a good while before I did. My life had seemed so settled and decreed that it was hard work for even John to convince me that anything could change it. He has very convincing ways, however, and only laughed when I asked him why he didn't marry some fresh young girl, instead of a battered old maid like me. Some of the gay couples in our neighborhood laugh at us as a sober and jog-trot pair; but we are very happy, for all that. Perhaps having liked each other so long ago made it easier to fall in with each other's ways now. I don't profess to know. But of one thing I am sure; and that is, that we shall always love to think of that queer ride on the cattle-train, and of the green hillside above the little village, where, after our long separation, we found each other again—for life.

GOOD FELLOWS.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

EVERYBODY likes or thinks he likes good fellows. The words are taking, but somewhat uncertain in their meaning. It is very difficult to determine what a good fellow really is. We often use the expression with a very vague understanding on our own part of its significance. Our good fellows are rarely other persons' good fellows. The careless and frequent abuse of the term have given it an elasticity and indefiniteness which make its import almost entirely subjective. Indeed, I am not at all sure we do not employ it, if not as a sort of apology, for the lack of something more exact. When in a benevolent mood, we call a man a good fellow because we cannot logically call him anything else. Were we disposed to be analytic, we should discover that the bestowal of the undistinguished distinction is the result of a compromise between our good humor and our sense of justice. I have the gravest doubt whether it is complimentary to any one to call him a good fellow; for, to put it chemically, it is the residuum of kindly consideration, which, finding no affinity with the ingredients of the human compound, is forced into a speedy precipitate.

We find ourselves and others constantly saying: "Simpson hasn't much mind, nor very positive character; Baxter lacks clear moral perceptions, and his word can't be depended on; Bigwig is conceited, pompous, and shallow; but, after all, they are good fellows."

Now we know in our secret heart that the last phrase is merely the hypocritical politeness engendered by what we are pleased to regard as our high civilization. Good fellows, in any true sense, is precisely what Simpson and Baxter and Bigwig are not. Not one of them has any goodness of heart separated from personal interest or some consideration of selfishness. Simpson will lend you five dollars to-day, if he feels assured he can borrow fifty of you to-morrow. Baxter will say a kind word of his neighbors, whether they deserve it or not, because he is amiably weak and needs strength to tell the truth on any subject. Bigwig will do a favor for a casual acquaintance for the opportunity afforded him of boasting of it to others, and gratifying his own overweening self-love.

The reputation of a good fellow is cheaply obtained; and one of its drawbacks is that such reputation is often gained at the expense of others. It would be pertinent counsel to say to Mr. Lavish Freely: "Be a good fellow, if you will; but with the means that properly belong to you. Do not, in acquiring your reputation for generosity, waste what you are aware is not your own."

I have known many a good fellow to insist upon giving absurdly expensive entertainments to his associates, and to become really annoying by forcing presents upon them, who was at the same time in arrears to his washerwoman, and who would be guilty of all sorts of falsehood and meanness rather than discharge an honest debt. The reason is plain. The good fellow understands that in the garden of the world justice is a small and unnoticeable plant; while that which we call generosity is luxuriant in its foliage and magnificent in efflorescence. To drop metaphor, he is conscious that hardly any one gets credit for being just, while making a display of generosity wins for him a showy reputation.

We seldom hear of the man of rigid honor and principle, who asks no favors and accepts none, who religiously discharges every obligation and lives in perfect harmony with the law of equity. If he is heard of at all, he is mentioned as a cold, calculating, matter-of-fact person, whom few admire and nobody loves. He is regarded as a small edition of a common arithmetic, whose sympathies and aspirations are swallowed up in reverence for the glory of the multiplication table. If he should suddenly undergo a revolution, and begin to borrow and lend without thought of asking or making payment, if he should be bountiful to parasites and indifferent to the claims of those who had claims upon him, he would ere long find himself in the dubious ranks of good fellows. Where profound silence had been before, words of commendation would be spoken; where nothing had been known, flattering familiarity would be established. His vices would be forgotten, as his virtues had been, and he would gain that unenviable class of friends which we all have when we feel sufficient interest in the lower forms of zoology to be concerned about sponges.

Beyond question, generosity is a shining and beautiful quality, above but much more than justice. But what we style justice is frequently of a spurious quality. It is a compound of giving and taking, of soft heart and weak head, of more than justice at one end and much less than justice at the other. If all men were just, there would be no need of generosity, which is called upon to supply the place that justice fails to fill. Rather than be simply just, almost any one of us would rather be at once generous and unjust. Few laurels grow for him who merely does his duty, and yet he who does it is almost an ideal being.

The ambition to be a good fellow is the bane of many, and not infrequently proves a social misfortune. The man who can dispense with the much-coveted title, who can surrender the seductive sweetness of the empty honor, has somewhat of the hero in him; since he dooms himself to misappreciation and comparative isolation.

Good fellows are responsible for much more than half the harm done in society. They impose upon, cajole, and injure us all in the name of their good fellowship, until, stung by disappointment and smarting from wrong, we find ourselves wishing most heartily that there were no such creature as a good fellow in all the world.

Who suffers from mean fellows? They are like light-houses, warning us against dangerous coasts. We are forearmed against them. We are little inclined to favor them, if they ask for favor; and, if we do, we guard ourselves against deception and detriment. Not so with the good fellow. We believe in and trust and help him, because he is a good fellow, though we may be rather confused as to what his good fellowship consists in. We are convinced—or, rather, we try to convince ourselves—that he means well. The trouble is, he so seldom does well.

The man of rich intentions and poor performance is guilty of incalculable mischief. If all the men who have been soured and made skeptical by their experience of humanity would advertise their grievances, it would be found, no doubt that most of their sourness and skepticism had been caused by the destruction of illusions connected with good fellows.

It is extremely fortunate for any indolent, careless, self-indulgent mortal to have been spiritually fortunate for his friends, in many instances, if his baptism had been the cause of his obituary.

Temperance.

A PLAN OF ACTION.

[THE following paper, from the pen of CHARLES D. B. MILLS, was read by him to the Temperance Union of Syracuse, Aug. 28th, 1870, as the report of a committee appointed to prepare a definite plan of action for that body.]

We are quite sure that we have no patent method, no great discovery, newly or otherwise made, to commend, whereby the ills of intemperance may be instantly and forever cured. We know of no method complete and final, save the one of thorough repentance and reformation; and that is usually of slow, very slow and reluctant adoption. The disease is old, is chronic and organic, and the treatment must doubtless be lengthy, deep-probing and painful. We will, however, point here to two or three things, great conditions as they seem to us, indispensable to a true success.

As one first and transcendently important duty, we name the requirement that the friends of temperance stand aloof utterly from all political affiliations whereby they are involved in the responsibility of licensing the rum traffic. The leading political parties of our country are deeply dyed with this guilt; they go on repeating and aggravating their sin without compunction, or apparent thought or care for its enormity. In this they have been, one or both of them, largely, we may say universally, supported by the friends of temperance. We have voted with the parties and for the candidates of their choice, regardless of the fact that they were licensing perpetually and clothing with the rights of law the aggressions of rum. They have thus as temperance men defeated their own ends. All the suasion in the world will hardly avail anything in the presence of such fearful temptations and incitements to drunkenness as are kept in full play by the license system, especially when the suasion is from those who themselves are guilty of consenting to the continued existence of that abomination, which the license system always was and is. It is imperative that temperance men, first of all, purge themselves of this sin.

We recommend to the members of this association to formally band together to this fidelity, pledging themselves to each other and announcing to the world that under no circumstances will they support at the polls any candidate who is not upright in his attitude toward Temperance—unequivocally in favor of the inhibition by law of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. We also recommend that they reiterate and multiply their testimony in this regard, making it felt by those around them, seeking in all ways that may be consistent with manliness and self-respect to secure the nomination of the right men for official place. The Temperance people, thus united and determined to a high moral purpose in politics, would be a power known and regarded by all, and could hardly fail ere long to effect the nominations of such men as they could fitly support. In any issue they would be a strong and vital nucleus for action in such way and by such form as the exigences of the occasion might require. And in the event of the felt necessity of formal organization and carrying forward, independently of nominations and party arrangements, utterly separate from the corrupt combinations that now cover the field, they would hold commanding attitude and draw largely to their side the thoughtful and right-minded of all parties. The hour foretokens disruptions and new organizations in the political field—organizations, it is to be hoped, that shall be penetrated and animated by regard, such as has not hitherto been felt, for the rights of labor and the claims for protection of the poor and wronged, among whom the victims of the rum traffic are pre-eminently the chief. We need to be furnished and ready for this bridegroom's coming.

We would also recommend to the members of this association, wherever they may be so connected, an unswerving fidelity in the ecclesiastical relations, exacting in the church the maintenance of a standard certainly not less high than is to be required in politics. The great work of evangelization here is to be done, carried forward to such a point certainly that nowhere in our fair city and neighborhood, at least, shall there be found a religious society, of whatever faith or name, before whose presence and bold, pungent testimony rumseller, drinker, or abettor shall not feel rebuked and stung with remorse and shame, or in whose fellowship, even socially, such an one, unrepentant, can remain for an hour. Then shall the liquor-bar and the degradation of drinking, from very compunction and shame, slink away and disappear from among us.

But, while emphasizing as we ought and must the duty of an erect attitude in the political relations, and seeking persistently the intervention of the arm of civil power for the protection of the weak and exposed in this regard, we do not lose sight of the fact that the great change we seek is moral reformation, and the reliance is to be constantly upon the moral element. We hold perpetually to the preaching of the word not in any technical or ecclesiastical sense; but in the sense of constant and manifold inculcation of the truth upon temperance, as the great instrumentality. We would agitate the whole land is stirred and shaken and set on fire for action. We seek such regeneration of the general sentiment, such a vital touching of the popular conscience, that it shall become pronounced and tolerant only of sobriety, so erect with virtuous purpose and indignation toward wrong that liquor traffic and liquor drinking can by no possibility exist in our land, whether under law or in despite of law, in open day or the secrecy of concealment. We seek not merely to restrain the indulgence; but to quench the appetite, to sink and extinguish utterly the inclination, in presence of those greater thirsts and deeper yearnings to be awakened in the soul.

We recommend especial exertions to reach the young—the children in all our schools. Let the best efforts of skill be directed to touch and influence the tender mind, to fill it with this knowledge, and determine it from infancy up to a life-long fear and hatred of the demon of strong drink. We recommend the opening of our question thoroughly before the people in its economical and physiological relations. Why should there not be lectures, courses of lectures, addressed especially to the workingmen, showing how labor is robbed of its fruit, how the worker is bound and weighed down by this millstone about the neck, necessitated to the livelong days of exhausting toil, by the mass of idleness, unproductive or harmful industries, and sensuous excesses that everywhere abound, wherein intemperance is conspicuous, not only as effect but also as fruitful occasion. There are deep probings to be done here; laying open the sources of the inequalities, the consuming toils, the straitness, and suffering that prevail. There is interest here for the *labor question;* themes pregnant for the study of those who would shorten the hours for the workman's day, and open to him larger opportunities for reading and needed culture.

We would recommend lectures, well elucidated, upon the physiological aspects of the question. The most lamentable ignorance prevails all abroad in reference to the life and health laws, the occasions of disease and of premature decay, the baleful effects of sensuous indulgences in every form, and the true norm of eating, drinking, sleep, and even work and recreation. The most flagrant violations are constantly taking place, and with one uniform and ever sad result. Let it be shown in clear detail what are the conditions of high health and possession; how man may be kept at the very top of his condition physically; shown how sobriety in eating and drinking, perfect temperance in the habits, bears not only upon physical health and well-being, but also upon insight, mental and spiritual possession, and accomplishment. We think that an increased attention, far beyond anything known hitherto, is to be given to these requirements—this decalogue of God written in the flesh. The body shall be kept pure and free, seen and felt to be the fleshly temple of spiritual nature, and to be held withal fitting for the temple and instrument of the soul. To bring this consummation to pass, the friends of temperance have yet much work to do.

And, above all and in every connection, let the high ideals of life be described and commended: ideals for the mind, for the soul, showing the destiny of man—the great possibilities for virtue and excellence, for wisdom and power, that lie hidden within him and wait to be realized. Let the picture of these glories be so drawn, so illustrated and brought home, that all shall be ravished with the beauty, lifted and inspired, filled with scorn and shame for aught that is base, mean, or sensuous. Work, friends; there is no lack of this for our hands to do. The field is the world; and, literally, to the task there is no end. The mark is perfect sobriety, perfect possession, control, deliverance, the exaltation of man to his home in the bosom of peace and blessedness. The beginning is on earth, humble enough; the heights of the goal are lost in the skies. We have a right to all the aids which science, literature, government, or religion can give. We lay all kingdoms under contribution, and tax to the utmost every resource. The stake is so high, the conflict so arduous, that any cost is cheap that helps to the attainment.

This work blends with education, looks to ends not less large and commanding than culture in its widest sense contemplates, and has right to all the aids and skilled methods that training can give; it blends with religion—in its higher aspect is one with that divinest education and renewal which true religion seeks; it takes hold upon the best aspirations, the loftiest communings and loves of the soul; it is broad as humanity, and unending as our existence itself.

Let us keep our eye to the goal, looking and endeavoring amid all our particular work for nothing short of full and perfect human recovery. The night, if not far spent, is certainly waning away. The salvation is nearer than when first we believed. If the progress is slow, and the victory late in coming, it is because of the breadth and arduousness of our undertaking. This work for us is not to remit until throughout our land, and the broad world is Christian, and shall become thoroughly sober—every appetite held in perfect subjugation; each person clothed and in his right mind, and going on to fulfill freely the purposes of his being. Every stroke tells; and these our humble beginnings bear, and that more nearly and decisively than we think, for the ultimate goal. What is sown in tears shall yet be reaped in joy.

Scientific.

IT must not be supposed that the least conspicuous stars are therefore the most distant. Every star is necessarily constantly giving off much more heat than it receives, and is thus inevitably cooling down. A star may appear dim either because of its distance or because it has lost much of its luminosity by long ages of cooling. Thus several feeble stars, whose distance has been measured, are nearer than the brilliant Sirius. As the loss of heat is ever continuing, the time must come in the history of each star when it shall become entirely extinct, and we do not know how many such invisible stars there may be wandering through the expanse of space. Our own earth, with its moon, has already reached this stage, and Jupiter has nearly reached it, although it is probable that part of its light comes from its own mass. There is no reason, so far as we can see, why two stars may not occasionally be brought within the sphere of each other's attraction. We know that aerolites, which we may call fragments of stars, do come within the sphere of the earth's attraction; and that comets, which seem to be extinct stars broken into fragments, are drawn by the sun from outside space, have their orbit changed, and become permanent members of the solar system. Should an extinct star be drawn within the sphere of attraction of another star, so that the two should rush together, the result would be a great increase of heat by the extinction of the motion. This would account for the sudden brilliancy that sometimes occurs, as in the recent case of γ *Coronæ Borealis*. A small star falling into it might have raised the sudden flame that was visible about five years ago. If the two stars, having each their own proper motion, should approach so as to avoid a collision, the result would be a double star, if they were of nearly the same size; or, as in the case of Sirius, a nearly extinct star of small size might revolve as a satellite around the larger.

....Prof. James Orton says that the size of the condor has been greatly exaggerated. So far from the expanse of its wings being 15 or 20 feet, it probably never exceeds 12 feet, and neither Humboldt nor Darwin met one over 9 feet, though an old bird in the Zoological Garden, London, measures 11 feet. The tales of its carrying off children are fabulous, as it cannot raise over a dozen pounds from the ground. Prof. Orton says:

"The largest condors are found about the Volcano of Cayambi, near Quito, and most commonly around vertical cliffs. It is often seen singly soaring at a great height in vast circles. It never flaps its wings, except in rising from the ground. Humboldt saw one fly over Chimborazi. I have seen them sailing at least 1,000 feet above the crater of Pichincha. It is a marvelous eater. I have known a condor of moderate size to devour in one week a calf, a sheep, and a dog. It will eat everything but pork and cooked meat. The only noise it makes is a hiss like that of a goose. Incubation occupies about fifty days, ending in April. The young cannot fly till they are over a year old; for up to that time they are as downy goslings. While moulting, they are fed by their companions, moulting time not being uniform."

....Prof. Lankester, in *Nature*, mentions the fact that the smoke from the end of a pipe or cigar is bluer than that which issues from the mouth. Particles in a state of fine subdivision reflect a blue color; but the particles of smoke that have passed through the mouth have been considerably aggregated, so that the tint they reflect is modified. The blue color of the sky is due to reflection from minute particles of water, and accordingly the blue sky shows the polarization of reflected light. This same polarization is shown by the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva, whose color is not due to reflection from the sky, but to minute particles of some substance dissolved in the water. It is said that waters that appear blue leave, when evaporated, a white residue; and those that appear green, a yellow residue. This would make the green of some lakes due to a combination of the yellow coloring-matter with the normal blue.

....H. Charlton Bastian has published in three consecutive numbers of *Nature* a long paper on what is sometimes called "spontaneous generation"—or, more properly, the heterogeneous evolution of living things. He has been making an extended series of experiments with organic solutions in closed vessels, and also with solutions of purely inorganic matter. Although in some cases the vessels, after having been sealed, were submitted for 4 hours to a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit, he obtained from them, after some weeks, living organisms, which he believes were produced without parentage. Several microscopists who have examined his figures express their surprise that a heterogenously-produced organism should be as complicated as those which he describes, and believe that his experiments need to be verified.

....The late Dr. John Hutcheson collected the statistics of the hight and weight of 5,000 people of England. A general result of his deductions is that a healthy man 5 feet high has an average weight of 115 pounds, and each additional inch of stature gives about 5 additional pounds of weight. A man 6 feet high ought to weigh 175 pounds. The antique statue of the dying gladiator, which is meant to represent the highest possible type of physical vigor, reduced to the hight of 5 feet, has a bulk which would give a living weight of 196 pounds. The Farnese Hercules, which shows a development of muscle far beyond what is ever found to exist, would give Hercules a weight of 259 pounds were he 5 feet high.

....An inquiry ordered by government into the number and condition of the arsenic eaters of Styria shows that the practice is somewhat prevalent in the northern part of the duchy. They begin with a dose of about two-tenths of a grain, gradually increasing it up to six-tenths, or the size of a pea. The doses are taken daily, or every other day, or once or twice a week. The arsenic eaters are mostly from the lower classes. They fall into the habit about the age of fifteen, and continue it till 70 or 76 years old. They are generally strong, healthy, courageous men, and believe the habit is favorable to their health. The practice among men probably began with noticing its apparent favorable action on horses.

....The French Acclimatization Gardens have lately received a female orang-outang, 3 years old, the largest ever yet taken alive to Europe. It is about the size of a child 5 years old, and is described as extremely docile, and possessing such a strong sense of propriety as to wash its bust, arms, and shoulders with soap and water, whenever it feels the need of it.

....The younger zoologists in this country, including those even who have been trained under Professor Agassiz, generally accept some form of the Darwinian theory of development. Alexander Agassiz has recently come over to that side, and it is said that the Professor himself is seeking a loop-hole by which to creep out of his old fortress.

Missionary News.

MISSIONS were later in starting in North China than in the region of Amoy and Fuhchau, and have not been so successful. Various authorities agree that the people of the north are not so enterprising and do not poss

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Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Berge, N., Luth., inst., July 31st, at Scandinavia, Wis.
Campbell, R. G., United Presb., ord., Sept. 1st, in Lyndon, N. Y.
Cavins, Benjamin F., Bapt., of Bloomfield, ord., August 27th, at Washington, Ind.
Crossette, J. Fisher, Presb., ord., at Cincinnati, as a missionary to China.
Cummings, L. P., Reformed (Dutch), inst., Sept. 11th, in Manhattan church, N. Y.
Forsyth, William, Cong., ord., Sept. 15th, at Bucksport, Me.
Fullerton, J. E., Cong., of Bath, Me., ord., Sept. 8th, at Cumberland Mills, Me.
Gilbert, Henry B., Cong., of Weedsport, N. Y., ord., Sept. 8th, in Pottsville, Pa.
Graham, J. F., United Presb., inst., Sept. 7th, at Kingsville, Mo.
Hall, Russell T., Cong., ord., Sept. 8th, in Pittsford, Vt.
Lee, C. F., Univ., ord., Sept. 15th, at Greenpoint, L. I.
Lindsey, W. C., Bapt., ord., Sept. 11th, at Wilson, N. C.
Lyman, Mr., Cong., of Lenox, Mass., inst., Sept. 7th, in First church, Milford, Ct.
Mallory, N. C., Bapt., inst., Sept. 14th, in First church, Lowell.
McBride, S. R., United Presb., ord., Sept. 6th, in Union church, Pa.
McKee, James P., United Presb., ord., Sept. 7th, as foreign missionary.
McLeod, H. R., Univ., ord., Sept. 7th, in Chicopee, Mass.
Meecham, C. D. R., Bapt., ord., Sept. 6th, in Barre, Mass.
Ormiston, Dr., inst., Sept. 11th, in College Presbyterian church, San Francisco, will retire to the old homestead in Berkshire for a year, for the recovery of his health.
Perkins, E. F., Presb., of Lurgan, "one of the ablest ministers of the Irish Presbyterian Church," is said to have received an effective call to an American congregation.
Cramer, M. J., Meth., a brother-in-law of the President, late consul at Leipsic, has been appointed U. S. minister to Denmark.
Dickinson, Henry C., Cong., of Appleton, Wis., is appointed professor of biblical theology at Oberlin.
Diffendorf, Sanders, D.D., Presb., has been again called to the presidency of Vermillion Institute, Hayesville, Ohio.
French, James, Bapt., general missionary of the Baptist Home Mission Society, has resigned, undismissed and advice.
Livermore, Mrs., officiated lately in the Episcopal church at Epping, N. H.
Lord, Willis, D.D., Presb., of Chicago, was inaugurated, Sept. 7th, as president of Wooster University, O.
Mahan, Milo, D.D., Epis., of Baltimore, had accepted the appointment to a professorship before his death.
McLeod, John, Presb., of Philadelphia district secretary of the American Board, has resigned. It is supposed that other Presbyterians in the service of the Board will do the same.
Sen, Keshub Chunder, left England, on his return to India, on the 8th of September.
Smith, Edward P., Cong., field secretary of the American Missionary Association, has been appointed by the President to be Indian agent for Dacotah Territory.
Strong, J. J., Cong., of Akron, Ohio, goes to Georgia in the service of the American Missionary Association.
Unangst, L., Luth., missionary to India, has leave to return home next year

Roberts, Jacob, Cong., of East Medway, Mass. Impaired health.
Stebbins, H. C., Presb., of Ovid, N. Y., Going East.
Williams, J. N., Bapt., of South church, Chicago.

DEATHS.

Carnes, Edward, Presb., missionary to Japan, was killed by the explosion of the steamer "Peddie," August 5th.
Cushman, Isaac S., Meth., of Winchendon, Mass., Sept. 6th.
Harris, Hiram, Presb., of Reed's Corners, N. Y., August 26th.
Heyden, Father, Cath., of Bedford, Pa.
Heilfenstein, Albert, Ref. Reformed, of Meth. Church, Pa., Sept. 12th.
Johnson, Francis H., Mason, 77, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Lord, Nathan, D.D., Cong., 77, late president of Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H., Sept. 9th.
Madge, Thomas, Unit., successor of Lindsey and Belsham, of Essex Chapel, London, August 30th.
O'Sullivan, Thomas, Cath., 68, of Springfield, Mass., Sept. 14th.
Pettibone, Philo C., Presb., of Chicago, Sept. 11th.
Richardson, George Nelson, Cong., of Worcester, Mass., Sept. 6th.
Schwartz, Dr., Cong., 53, formerly of Amsterdam, in London, August 31st.
Smith, John Easton, Epis., of Westport, 30, at New Haven, Ct., Sept. 8th.
Smith, Augustine T., Cong., of Chicago Seminary, Sept. 4th, of heart disease.
Thomas, Aaron H., Meth., of Canton, O., Sept. 1st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barber, Mr. Cong., of New Hampshire, who lost an arm in the war, is appointed chaplain of the military asylum at Togus.
Beatty, O., Presb., professor in Danville College, Ky., has been chosen president.
Beckwith, E. G., Cong., of Second church, San Francisco, will retire to the old homestead in Berkshire for a year, for the recovery of his health.
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BUSINESS.

Bull, R. B., Cong., of Marshalltown, Ia.
Baldwin, H. M., Cong., of Chesterfield, Ill. Bad health.
Coffman, J. R., Reformed (German), of Summit, Ill.
Foster, W. C., Cong., of Nebraska City, Neb.
Foulk, J. S., Reformed (German), of Third church, Baltimore.
Goodenough, Arthur, Cong., of Rox bury, Ct.
Hall, J., Cong., of Leon, Wis.
Harvey, William F., Cong., of Webster City, Ia.
Hazen, H. A., Cong., of Lyme, N. H.
Holman, G. W., Bapt., of Hollister, Mass.
Irving, Clark, United Presb., of Kortright Center, N. Y.
Mack, J. A., Cong., of Peoria, Ill. Ill health.
Onkey, Peter D., Presb., of Jamaica, L. I. Ill health.
Roberts, Jacob, Cong., of East Medway, Mass. Impaired health.
Stebbins, H. C., Presb., of Ovid, N. Y. Going East.
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Our Young Folks.

ON THE BEACH.

From little children, blithe and gay,
Some to the sandy beach to play.
Sturdy their limbs and brown their faces,
Their dress is shorn of ribbons and laces.
With linen blouse and with striped hose,
They carry, each one, a tiny pail,
And a huge clam-shell, the sand to bale.
The breakers thunder upon the shore,
And dash the fearless bathers o'er.
The white clouds float across the sky,
And ever anon a sail flits by,
Till the morning hours have passed away;
But the happy children are still at play.

In the soft, white sand now a mimic well
Is dug by the hand of fairy Nell.
Joe fills his pail with the yielding sand,
And presses it down with his firm, small hand,
Then turns it out in a mould; and Bell
Serves round the "cream," in an ocean-shell;
But Nannie tells them 'tis luncheon-hour,
So they gather beneath the rustic "bower,"
And spread on the benches, rough and rude,
Then eat with a relish, their simple food.
Sometimes they are sprinkled with foaming spray
When the tide comes in; then they scamper away,
Merry and blithe, as children should be
Who play on the sands by the sounding sea.

E. V. S.

GREENE, L. I., August, 1870.

THE OLD SAW-MILL.

A very enticing place it was for little folks. It stands now just where it stood years ago—over the knoll, a little distance from my childhood's home. The way to it was down a broad, straight road, bordered with rocks and raspberry bushes. Of the other and popular route I will tell you by and by.

The old saw-mill itself—how I should like to sketch it as it appeared to my childish view! Such a smooth pine floor as there was at one end, and such fascinating cracks, through which little eyes could peer down into the deep waters of the flume!

There was a big beam, too; and it was very nice and convenient, for I could reach it on tip-toe, and make it subservient to all the purposes of a shelf. It was a hundred per cent. better than a real one! A broken piece of decorated China stood upon it for several years. I used to play that it was a money-box, and count the nails that it contained with the utmost care. There was a hook driven into this beam; and, when "Uncle Willard's" blue coat did not hang upon it, my sunbonnet generally found a place there.

How often my eyes have grown incredibly large while watching the movements of the wonderful saw, with its two great arms! Up and down, up and down—very slowly at first, while it was fixing its sharp teeth into the end of a log; then a little faster, faster still; until at last it was flying swiftly and easily through the hard wood, which seemed to run along of its own accord, for the sake of being split.

Oh, what charming rides I used to take on the log-carriage, at the risk of having my brains knocked out by the mill roof, which sloped at one end to an acute angle with the floor; or of losing my balance and falling through the timbers, a hundred feet or more, into an abyss of water below! And, when I hopped off, I was so delightfully near the back-door that I never could resist skipping out upon the ragged edge of the mill-dam, to see how long I could stand there without getting dizzy.

My mamma was an invalid. She could not bear anxiety or fear without serious injury. She was very naturally opposed to my visiting the mill, unless when under the care of some older member of the family, and passed a law to that effect. This law, although it lay very heavily upon me, I should probably never have transgressed but for my Cousin Frank, a daring little rascal of about my own age, who spent a week with us.

"Come across lots," he said, with that persuasive eloquence so natural to boys.

So we crept through the bars, and the orchard, and the clover-field round the big rock, and under the ash tree, and, lastly, over the stone-wall, which was surmounted by a rail-fence. It was my first lesson in disobedience, and so delicately sweet that afterward I repeated it daily.

The mill was not one of my father's possessions; but belonged to a good-hearted neighbor, whom we called "Uncle Willard," and who, so far from being averse to my clandestine visits, rather encouraged me in what he called "*a pretty way of deceiving.*" He usually lifted me across the rolling logs in the yard, when he thought it was time for me to run home. Sometimes, when he was particularly good-humored, he would hop me over the fence, too, the strength of his great, brawny arms exciting in me profoundest admiration.

I don't think I thought I was doing exactly right, nevertheless. I believe my conscience pricked pretty hardly. I remember one night, as I was saying my prayers, a lump came in my throat and well nigh choked me. When I arose from my knees, I threw my arms about my mamma's neck, and asked:

"When you say God is everywhere, does that mean that he is in all the places round here?"

"Yes, darling."

"In the orchard, and on the big rock, and away down by the little bridge, and—and—in the saw-mill?"

"Yes, and he sees you at all times."

I said no more, but kissed her and crept into my little bed. "Oh, dear! then God knows all about it! I wonder if he will do anything to me? I've been awful naughty, and I shouldn't blame him if he did! I spect he punishes with fire, and I shall be all singed up!" And, soliloquizing thus, I fell asleep, and dreamed I had a new playhouse, with a saw-mill in the back yard, and that my dolls were all getting ready to go to the moon on water-wheels.

The next day I received a visit from little Sophy Stone. We had great fun playing tea; and dressing the dolls in their best clothes, and changing Violet's name to Esther, because the latter was a Bible name, and we agreed it would make of her a better doll; and trimming Rosabella's new bonnet with the ends of Sophy's blue hair-ribbons, which she said were too long any way; and teaching the Maltese kitten to say *weasel*, and ever so many other things. At last, we decided that we had much rather be out of doors than in.

Feeling the importance of my position as hostess, I undertook to show Sophy all the sights. First we went to the carriage-house and played drive, until we were tired of getting in and out of the vehicles. Then we visited the hens and the geese in their homes, paid our respects to the pigs, talked hog-latin to a lovely calf, and made the acquaintance of the pony in his stall.

Next to the saw-mill, the barn was the most tempting place of resort in those days. Where was there ever a child who was not fond of climbing? I was no exception to the general rule; and we scrambled up and down the ladders, and played hide-and-seek in the hay, until the bell rang for dinner.

"Now," I said, as we went down the garden-walk, after that meal was over, "if you never'll tell—*never*, NEVER, as long as you live and breathe—I will take you somewhere."

Sophy promised with satisfactory adjectives.

"Come, then; we'll get there in a jiffy." Sophy did not understand scaling fences as well as I did. On the top of the wall, she stepped upon a teetering stone, and was pitched headlong in among some briars and thistles on the other side. She was pretty badly scratched, and her dress was torn; but, after shedding a few tears, she laughed quite merrily, and said she could fall twice as far if she was a mind to.

"Uncle Willard" was haying in the lower meadow, and the mill was alone. I was glad of that, for I had long coveted an opportunity of starting the saw myself. How surprised Sophy would be! Wouldn't she think I was grand, though, if I could run a sawmill?

Full of ambitious ideas, and with perfect confidence in my abilities, I proceeded at once to the coveted task. The log was in the right place. It was one of "Uncle Willard's" virtues to make everything ready for the next day's work before leaving the mill. I had seen him do it a score of times. How well I remember the expression of his sunburnt face, as he would say: "Now, Mattie, when I have filled my teakettle for breakfast, I am going home."

It was necessary to put down a small shaft, which I had innocently termed a "pump-handle," in order to open the gate and let the water upon the wheel. It required the united strength of both Sophy and myself to accomplish this. There was a low gurgle, then a splash, and up went the saw!

We screamed and clapped our hands in the wildest excitement. I recovered my self-possession presently, and told Sophy that the saw was only walking now; we must push down those other two pump-handles, and then it would just fly on a double canter!

I grew several feet in my own estimation by the time the machinery was all in motion, and Sophy was perfectly awe-stricken! But my happiness remained to be completed.

"Now you must come down under the mill, and see the *great gush*," I said to my little guest.

There was a rough path on the side of the building, by which the workmen descended when necessary; and down this we crept carefully, holding on to the alder-bushes for support as we did so. We reached the edge of the bed of the river in safety, and took our station upon a small stone, where we could see the foaming torrent as it whirled the mill-wheel and came madly dancing over the rocks.

"Isn't that a big water?" I asked, exultingly. "It is just like the Cataract of Niagara that is in the geography!"

Sophy's face was very pale, and her eyes were distended to their utmost capacity. Her lips moved, and I put my ear close to catch her words, for her lungs were not as vigorous as mine.

"Are there any whales here?"

"May-be," I replied, with intense satisfaction.

The spray and moisture rendered our standing-place quite slippery, and we had our arms around each other for mutual protection; but, in attempting to turn a little, we lost our footing and our balance both, and went spinning into the uncasy water beneath us. To the bottom, where an ocean of shiny pebbles seemed to come up half way to meet us, then to the surface again, rolling and struggling until finally we were landed, dripping and insensible, upon a small hillock of weeds and bushes in the center of the river, which was known in the neighborhood as Crow's Island.

How long we remained there before consciousness returned I am not able to say. My first recollections are of a floating cloud, which resembled a chariot, and of wondering if it belonged to Elijah! Then I heard Sophy's faint voice:

"Mattie, I'm drowned."

"So be I."

I took hold of a big burdock leaf to pull myself up, and that came up instead. I threw it down, and grasped a pine shrub, which gave me more efficient aid, and I sat upright. Then I helped Sophy a little, and in a moment she was in sympathetic nature also.

We looked about us; but everything was strange and new. The river on both sides tearing over the rocks, and the high banks, thickly wooded, presented a picture well calculated to inspire two little helpless girls with speechless terror.

"Is it the flood that has begun?" asked Sophy, after awhile.

A new idea struck me. Yes, that must be it.

"I suppose so. I have been doing awful disobedient lately. Mamma said I must n't go to the mill, and God has been there all the time and watched me; and now he has punished me, just as I ought to have known he would. Oh, dear! dear! I had ever so much rather have been burned! The water is coming straight toward us, and we shall be washed away, as Noah and all the other wicked folks were." And I burst into a loud cry.

Sophy took hold of my arm in a very caressing manner. Pity for me had risen quite above anxiety for herself. "I guess this is the place where dead children are left until they say their prayers and get tooked up into Heaven," she said.

"But oh, I have been so naughty! It is just like telling lies to deceive, and I have deceived my mamma every time I have disobedented her; and God has seen it all, and is so angry that he never'll take me up there—*never*, NEVER!" And my anguish of spirit increased in rapid ratio.

"I guess he'll forgive you if you are real sorry and ask him hard. I'll help you," and she began repeating a very sweet little prayer.

I laid down on the grass and pressed my face into a bunch of plantain and joined with her, but in a more boisterous manner, sobbing meanwhile.

The sudden rise of water in the lower meadow attracted the attention of the hay-makers, and "Uncle Willard" started off upon a run to discover its cause. He must have been very much astonished to have found his saw-mill making boards on its own hook! He shut the gate and stopped its working at once, but he could not find the author of the mischief. He was not a believer in ghosts, or supernatural agencies of any kind; and mischievous boys were not in vogue in our community. After satisfying himself that there was no person hidden away in any of the by-places in the vicinity, he went directly to my mamma's door and inquired for me.

As I was missing, there was immediately much hurrying to and fro. It was Uncle Willard himself who explored the river, and espied us in our perilous position. He waded in (for the water was not very deep), and carried us tenderly in his arms to the mainland.

The fright had made my mamma too ill to see me that night, and I cried myself to sleep without her forgiveness. I had the promise of going to her room in the morning, as soon as I should see the daylight; and I was awake punctually. With my arms tightly clasped about her neck, and choking, hysterically, I said:

"I am never going to do wrong any more. God has forgiven me. I was praying to him just when I saw Uncle Willard's old hat, and heard him say he had been sented to get me. Oh! I am so much obliged to God, and I shall do just as you tell me all the time, forever and ever and ever. Ours wasn't real dying, quite; was it, mamma?"

WHEN the Emperor was passing through Chalons, the soldiers kissed at him; whereupon His Majesty turned to the tranquil infant at his side, and said: "My son, what geese!" "Yes, father," replied the youth; "but isn't it a pity the Prussians are picking their feathers?"

SAINT LOUIS, Sept. 7th, 1870.

The Sunday School.

MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

THERE is no lover of his kind or country who can afford a sneer at the Mission Sunday Schools. Philanthropist and patriot alike have common interest with the Sunday-school workers of our cities. Centers of civilization are also centers of crime. The Sunday school superintendent, who by his personal effort, assisted by his corps of teachers, gathers from the haunts of ignorance and idleness and vice the young children, and gives the half of his day of rest to the work of teaching these yet unmoulded minds the rudiments of that knowledge that shall make them useful, intelligent, law-abiding, productive members of the body politic, is doing a work that each honest patriot must commend and ought to encourage.

The band of self-denying toilers who week after week meet with these children, instructing them in the Word of God, the precepts of which, received into their lives, will make them honest, industrious, helpful, charitable, loveable members of society, and will save them from the misery and suffering surely consequent upon the life of ignorance and vice which is their present sole inheritance, is a band of philanthropists, although no one of which may ever have thought of dignifying himself by so high-sounding a title, caring only to be known as a disciple of Christ.

And yet all patriots and philanthropists do not recognize Sunday-school workers as one in aim and purpose with themselves in the general labor for the good of the commonwealth and of humanity.

Let me testify whereof I know.

Patriot No. 1 sits enjoying his after-dinner cigar in his cool parlor, reading leisurely his Sunday paper, or perhaps his favorite religious weekly, folded down the middle so as to bring within easy eye-range the columns over which the commercial editor presides, and occasionally glancing out of the bow-window at the passers-by. A brisk step attracts his attention. Ah! Superintendent A., on his way to Sunday school.

Patriot whiffs rapidly, and, laying aside the weed for a momentary remark, says to one who listens:

"Righteous overmuch, seems to me; trotting through this scorching sun for a little pious notoriety. Steps off as cranky as if 'twas May—first Sunday in July, hot as Lucifer, too. *First Sunday!* Ah, that's it. Some new fancy touch on the blackboard for the monthly concert. Got it shoved into the daily somehow. Mighty fond of *seeing his name* in the papers, A. is. Thinks he knows all there is to know. Can't tell *him* anything about Sunday schools; oh, no. Well, for my part, I don't believe in works of supererogation."

Patriot No. 2, in another district of the city, lolls on his couch, overlooking the side-walk along which Superintendent B. chances to be passing to *his* work.

"Soho!" grunts the sleepy patriot, brightening a little, but not amiably. "Go on, my precious, deputy, journeyman soul-saver. Run as many Sunday schools and young Christians as you like. Foot all the bills yourself, and blow about it in every convention. I'm cheated me in that lot of produce, and I call you a *hypocrite*."

Philanthropist No. 1 is upon the street. He has been in the suburbs about his own affairs, and is returning to his home for his afternoon siesta. He meets, salutes, and passes on by Superintendent C., just entering his mission school-room.

"Great deal of humbuggery in those concerns," he soliloquizes—"especially when superintended by a man who murders the president's English and rides roughshod over all the rules of syntax. He's a model of refinement, doubtless, and the rising generation ought to be shaped after his impress. No question about it. Eh, hum! people must ride hobbies; and, if they've a mind to be amused with this nonsense of mission schools (it's a free country), let them."

Philanthropist No. 2 is coming out of a beer saloon. He has chatted politics over the bar, or table, or whatever it may be, behind the screens in there; has drunken his *zwei* lager with a philanthropist from over the Rhine; has subscribed handsomely for some new 'garten' enterprise, and has given half a dozen cents to the man at Sunday beggars, and feels complacent. As he comes upon the pavement, he meets Superintendent D. hastening for a like afternoon labor.

"Ah," sneers No. 2, "Sunday schools are very well, no doubt; *provided*, the superintendent don't make a habit of failing with his pockets full *too* often. Can't say I think so much of 'em, though, when I consider poor E.'s and F.'s hard earnings all sunk in that last 'cave' of your Sunday school chap. These fellows that 'kite' o' week days and run mission Sunday schools o' Sundays, to square accounts, make me think of the lawyers in the Good Book, who devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers. Now, I love my neighbor as myself, and drop in and take a social glass now and again of a Sunday, and *deal fair all week; that's* the religion that takes with *our* population. 'Tisn't your parade of churchgoers, and Sunday-school conventioners, and Christian associations that the men of our generation delight to honor. They believe that Jesus of Nazareth was right when he said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Having proceeded thus far in his reflections, Philanthropist No. 2 is unfortunate enough to meet another superintendent on his way to work.

"Humph! There goes another of 'em; pretty much alike, too. They're a bad lot, take 'em through and through. Regular upstart, that chap. Insufferable, supercilious Mammon-worshiper as ever lived. Bah!"

Philanthropist No. 3 is a refined, scholarly person, who chooses of his terms and does not patronize saloons. He sits by his open window and chats leisurely with his friend. "The Sunday schools are good in some ways," he admits; "but their tendency is to narrow the human soul. Sooner or later, the teaching degenerates from pure religion into sectarianism. Bigotry and superstition take the place of free thought and comprehensive reasoning. The scholars grow up to swell the aggregate numbers of the various denominational sects; but each looks at life through glasses colored by sectarian prejudices, instead of the medium of the pure light of reason."

Ah! patriots and philanthropists, you who can so keenly discern our defects, our weak points, our humbug-offences, why can you not come and help us, showing us a better way? By your purity of week-day life, combined with zealous effort on Sunday for the good of those who can never repay you, shame us into imitation. By your broad views and pure light, displayed in self-denying labor to disseminate these blessings, broaden and enlighten us. For we acknowledge our transgressions, and our sins are ever before us. Not one fault would we attempt to gloss over, no sin defend, nor error maintain. Foes sincere are we, pointing mercilessly to every questionable act, every deviation from the straight and narrow path. Friends criticise sharply, and point where needs of reform exist—needs easier to see than to supply. Our own doubting hearts oft sink within us. Yet we toil on (imperfectly, we know), with little encouragement; small apparent success; unrecognized, unappreciated by either patriot or philanthropist; content to come, bringing the children with us, a band of sinners with our sins upon us, to the foot of the cross of Christ, pleading his righteousness, and not our own; his purity of life, not our exemplary conduct; his unerring and unsearchable wisdom, not our poor foolishness; his all-compassionating love, not our selfish affections; his grace, not our merit; his faithfulness, and not our treachery. Though we fall, we shall rise again. The work is not our own, and *we* are not our own. The seed we sow is not of ourselves; it is God's truth eternal.

And the children whom we teach shall become the civilized and sanctified men and women of another generation. Whether we seek and teach them, or not, they are to be the future lawmakers of our land.

Shall we suffer them to grow as the weeds grow—coarse, strong, rank, harmful; or shall we train them as precious, well-set plants in our dear Lord's garden?

Because some of us are ignorant and some are upstarts, some humbugs and some hypocrites (you being our judges), oh, patriots and philanthropists, shall we abandon this nonsense of mission Sunday schools?

Shall we heed your covert sneers and open accusations, and give up in despair; or shall we take heart, as we listen to the voice of ONE who says to you, as to us: "Go, work to-day in my vineyard"?

Music.

THE great Birmingham Musical Festival opened on Tuesday, August 30th, and closed on Friday, September 2d. The morning of the first day was devoted to a performance of "Elijah," under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. Mr. Santley, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, and Mr. Vernon Rigby took the solos in the first part, and Mr. Santley, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Sims Reeves were the chief vocalists in the second part. In the evening the programme consisted of Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," with several miscellaneous pieces. The second day gave Costa's "Naaman" in the morning; and for the evening entertainment, an "Ode to Shakespeare," by Prof. Stewart, of Dublin University, Mr. A. S. Sullivan's "Ouverture di Ballo," and an excellent Beethoven programme, including the great piano concerto in E flat, played by Madame Arabella Goddard, the overture to "Egmont," a quartette and a scena from "Fidelio" and "Adelaide," sung by Sims Reeves. On the third day came "The Messiah," a cantata entitled "Nala and Damayanti," by Ferdinand Hiller, the eminent Frankfort composer, and a miscellaneous concert. Lastly were presented a new oratorio by Jules Benedict, on the subject of "St. Peter," and Handel's "Samson." The success of the Festival both from an artistic and a pecuniary point of view, is said to have exceeded all expectations. It will be seen that the four days were memorable for the first production of a number of compositions of considerable pretension, the most important of which was Mr. Benedict's "St. Peter." It is a work, we should judge, of inordinate length, containing no fewer than fifty numbers, and requiring nearly three and a half hours in the performance, due allowance being made for interruptions and repetitions. *The Athenæum* praises it for sound scholarship, excellent instrumentation, and a solemn and dignified tone befitting the subject; but complains that it is monotonous and uninspired, which we are quite ready to believe. Mr. Benedict seems to have forsaken for the nonce the style of his master, Von Weber, and constructed his oratorio upon the model of Mendelssohn—a change probably unconsciously suggested by the fact that Mendelssohn once meditated composing an oratorio of "St. Peter," as a companion work to his "St. Paul." Dr. Hiller's "Nala and Damayanti" is a cantata founded upon an episode in the great Hindoo epic, the Mahabharata. It was composed expressly for this festival, and produced under Hiller's personal direction, with only moderate success. It is described as intricate and difficult in the extreme. Professor Stewart's "Ode to Shakespeare" is praised for clever but rather colorless writing. Mr. Sullivan's "Ball Overture" is said to be vigorous and sparkling. Mr. Barnett's cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," was also new. We read that it is simple, clear, and melodious, though the recitatives are long and rather dull. A private letter from Mr. Carl Rosa, who was present at the Festival, says the "St. Peter has some magnificent choruses in it, and is, I think, the best thing Benedict has ever done. The solos, with the exception of two arias for sopranos, exceedingly difficult, are not so happy, and the whole work is too long. The Hiller cantata is much in the new German style, rather uninteresting to a general public, and requires a chorus which is used to sing Schumann's vocal works, as 'Manfred,' 'Paradise and the Peri,' and *Pilgerfahrt der Rose*."

....When Impressario Ullman was directing the storm of popular enthusiasm which greeted Jenny Lind in New York, one of his subordinates suggested that it would be a fine thing to subsidize some admirers to cast bouquets on the stage at her feet. "No, no," said the manager, "bouquets ish blayed out. What we wants ish a shontaneous screnade." And he had it. We do not suppose that the serenade to Christine Nilsson the other night was of this description; indeed, we believe it was truly a spontaneous compliment from the Scandinavian residents of New York, and it seems to have been marked throughout with good taste and good feeling. The arrival of the famous Swedish singer has been quite the event in the line of excitement, and her visit promises to prove highly profitable not only to herself but to her manager.

....Mr. Theodore Thomas, after closing his garden concerts in New York, and celebrating with a short series of performances the opening of a new concert-room in Brooklyn is going to Boston about the beginning of October, to give some entertainments in connection with Miss Anna Mehlig.

....A very fair German company, whose principal members are freshly imported, has begun an opera season at the Stadt Theater, with indications of prosperity. The soprano is Fraulien Lichtmay, a lady and a good voice, pleasant face, and ample figure.

Pebbles.

"FALCONBRIDGE," of Williams College, sends us the following: It was customary, in the early days of the New England parish, for the "parson" to call on delinquent members who failed to attend meeting on two successive Sundays, and ascertain the reason of their absence. It once happened that the reverend divine had occasion to make such a parochial call upon a somewhat dilatory parishioner. It was in the late summer-time; and he found him down in the meadow, getting his hay. "Well, Mr. Day," said the good man, "why have I not seen you at meeting?" "Oh, well," said the man, "I dunno care to go." "But *why?*

NOTICES.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, September 22d, 1870.

THE PRESENT POSTURE AT PARIS.

It is getting to be an old story—the European war; but, although its military details grow less and less interesting, its political issues grow more and more momentous. The late Napoleon's prophecy that in fifty years Europe would be either Republican or Cossack seems now approaching fulfillment. It is about fifty years since he made this prediction at St. Helena; and events are now unfolding within and around Paris which may suddenly stamp all Europe with the seal either of democracy or of kingcraft. Certainly, if the French Republic maintains itself against the Prussian armies, the cause of popular freedom will be established in Europe; and just as certainly, if King William attempts to reclothe the government of France with the imperial purple which the Emperor's surrender stripped from it, all monarchies will be thereby inspired to new prerogatives of tyranny. Each day's sun now rises to cast a shadow on the fair fame of the Prussian king. What will be his action toward the republican institutions of France? It is by his answer to this question, more than by the victories of his arms, that his proper rank in history will be determined by the next generation. The American people ought to care more for the Republic of France than for all the monarchies in Europe. When the French Emperor threw down the gauntlet of insult to William, the general feeling in America sanctioned Prussia's appeal to arms as a laudable act of self-defense. Nine-tenths of our people tossed up their caps at every successive Prussian victory. But the moment it was seen that Prussian victories, if gained in future, must be gained, not over an empire, but over a republic, at that moment the sympathy of the American people changed as suddenly from Prussia to France—and every American's heart had been shifted from his left to his right breast. Let it be remembered that not France, but Prussia, is now the aggressor. It was not France as a republic, but France as an empire, that sought to pick a bravado's mistaken quarrel with Bismarck and Moltke. The author of the declaration of war against King William is now a prisoner of war in King William's hands. There is something monstrous in the attitude which the King chooses to assume toward this downfallen renegade. There is a hint that the victor wishes to maintain the royal pretensions of the vanquished. "How shall I treat you?" asked the captor of Cœsus. "Like a king," was the kingly reply. It would seem that William means to treat Napoleon as still an emperor. But he cannot do this without insulting France, and defying the public opinion of mankind. The telegram coming to us as we go to press that Lord Lyons, the British minister at Paris, is conducting a negotiation between Jules Favre and Count Bismarck for an armistice, may possibly be true, and we hope it is; but it lacks confirmation. A second interview between Bismarck and *The Tribune*'s correspondent is reported in that journal of Monday, and represents the German statesman as looking with great anxiety at the change of sympathy in the United States from Prussia to France. The important part of the Count's statement is that "the Prussian Government will not treat with any government not recognized as *de jure*, and the only such government in France known to Prussia is the Government of Napoleon, or that of the Regency acting in his absence. 'We do not know,' he added, 'whether the whole of France will recognize the Republic. How can we treat on so serious a matter with a provisional government which may be disavowed to-morrow.' This statement is more plausible than sound. Why is not the French Republic a government *de jure* as much as the French Empire now is? A government *de jure* is a government *of right*; and a republic approaches far more nearly than an empire to such an ideal of government. On what pretext does Bismarck refuse to recognize the French Republic? Because, forsooth, the Republic "may be disavowed to-morrow." But on what pretext does he recognize the French Empire? That Empire stands disavowed to-day. Bismarck might have some excuse for recognizing neither the Empire nor the Republic, on the ground that the first has been completely thrown down, and that the second has not yet been sufficiently established; but he cannot with any show of reason refuse to recognize the Republic for the sake of recognizing the Empire instead. King William's conduct toward the French Republic, which he seems desirous to destroy, and toward the French Empire, which he seems willing to maintain, is the conduct of a man who, after winning a shining name, seems blindly rushing to cast it away from him into the blackness of darkness forever.

SEPTEMBER VERSUS SCHOOL-MASTERS.

SEPTEMBER is getting the best of it. We always knew it would. We can remember when we were packed up hot, on the last day of August, and sent back to the close, stifling city, where we were being what is called, with a beautiful emphasis of condensed satire, "educated." The machine was advertised to begin to work on September first. Children who were on hand on that day were supposed to experience some especial advantage in the distribution and parceling out of individuals into classes, the arrangement of hours and studies, and so forth. This is, of course, true. Who has not experienced the bewildered mortification of arriving a few days after "term has begun," and being popped experimentally into all sorts of classes—too old, too young, "beginning back," two rules ahead in arithmetic, or ten pages ahead in Latin grammar? A logical child is tempted to ask how it happens that, if there would have been just the proper niche for him six days earlier, he should prove so utterly irreconcilable an element now. But, like many other uncomfortable problems in his education, he abandons it unsolved, and firmly determines never to be late again. It is really piteous to hear poor little city children in the country pleading with their parents who naturally shrink from sending them back into the heat and mosquitoes and typhus fever and dysentery of the city September: "But, if we are not there the first day, we never can' catch up.' Everything goes wrong all the term. Besides we have to go into different classes from what we should if we were there when they made the classes up."

The mother persists, perhaps: "But I can't see how it can make so much difference. The arrangement of classes could not be entirely changed to suit you, if you were there. You will certainly be put in the same place a week later as you would have been the first day."

Young America replies, impatiently: "Oh, mother, you can't understand without being there."

Probably being there would not make it clear; but Young America and the schoolmasters combined carry the day, and by the middle of September every little sunburned boy and girl, who ought to be catching butterflies and picking chestnuts till the first of October, is bowed down again over books and maps and slates.

It is a great gain, though, to have pushed the schoolmaster off as far as the middle of September—even if he makes sly reprisals at the other end of the school-year. June is not so bad a month in the city as September; neither is July. If we can give the children but three months of vacation, we honestly believe that it would be a gain to have those three months August, September, and October. There is more stimulus and added strength in one clear October day than there is in three of July.

But why should we not give them four months' vacation—from the middle of June till the middle of October? This is what we hope to live to see. This is what all Nature pleads for. This is what the pale cheeks and hollow chests of the thousands of little children in our public schools plead for. Oh, if every father and every mother would but go for one week to the public school-room; sit where their children sit; breathe what their children breathe; and, if it were only possible to carry out the parallel of experience exactly, study hard new studies, as intently as their children study, for five, six, and seven hours a day, how quickly should we see an overthrow of the present regulations of our public schools.

Meantime, the sweet, persistent September is quietly doing all it can. When it has conquered, October will take up the contest. What arguments they bring in sunlight, and air, and flowers, and buds, and all the unnumbered delights of days in sweet country fields. Each year we see that city people stay later and later in the country. Both by the seashore and in the mountains, the early autumn is far more beautiful than the summer, and has far more health-giving quality.

And in the cities, unless in years of very exceptionable heat, the early autumn is far more unhealthy than the summer. Fevers and malignant dysenteries are both engendered by the great quantities of decaying vegetable matter. The air in the vicinity of our markets to-day is worse to smell, more unwholesome to breathe than it was at any time in July, when the mercury stood in the hundreds. Slowly but surely people are finding all this out; and it is a species of knowledge that will not pass out of mind, but will grow more and more clearly understood, more and more generally diffused. From father to son, to grandson are not so very long steps, after all, in this short-lived life of ours. By slow degrees the quiet battle will be won. Nature is as resolute as she is beautiful; as strong as she is winning and gentle. All her forces work to one end. She fully intends to make healthier, stronger, purer men and women before she is done with it. Our children s children s children will not be in schools in September!

AFTER BONAPARTE, WHAT?

NOT Bonaparte, again, most assuredly! That were indeed a new application of the old burlesque lines with a vengeance:

> "The king of France, with twice ten thousand men,
> Marched up a hill, and then—marched down again."

Only the king of Prussia, besides being equally absurd, would be infinitely wicked. The king of France, at least, did no harm by his military tactics, if he did leave things just as he found them. But, if William I. could end his campaign, every step of which since he entered France has been steeped in the blood of his own subjects as well as of his enemies, by bringing Bonaparte back to the Tuileries and re-establishing the *status quo ante bellum*, he would be a by word of ridicule and infamy forever. No concession of territory or reimbursement of expenses could take him out of that category. Of course, Bonaparte would be ready enough to grant him everything he could ask—even to the half of the kingdom, which does not belong to him—if he should think it safe to be brought back to Paris by Prussian bayonets. If he did, indeed, tell William or Bismarck that if he had not declared war he would have been hanged by the mob of Paris, he surely could not think his neck permanently more secure after such an infamy. But it is not to be believed that the French would ever submit to this outrage, until every man capable of bearing arms had fallen and Paris been leveled with the ground. It were, indeed, a different restoration from that which waited upon the return from Elba. That was a protest of France against the interference of the Allied Powers, and was made illustrious by the overwhelming though baleful genius of the first Bonaparte. The elder Bourbons, though restored by foreign arms, and so maintained for some three years, had at least the prestige of legitimacy; but still were always regarded with contemptuous hatred by their subjects, till the mad folly of Charles X gave them the happy occasion to send them packing. But Bonaparte has neither genius nor legitimacy on his side.

It is curious to observe the revulsion of feeling produced in the public mind of this country by the news that Bonaparte was treated as a crowned head on a visit to a brother prince, and that the king of Prussia proposed treating only with him as still the sovereign of France. From being looked upon as a prince resenting an insult offered to the German race in his person, and anticipating and crushing a most unprovoked invasion of his soil, the king has fallen to be regarded as a ruthless invader on his own account, determined to extort territory and to crush the rising republicanism of France. This last, undoubtedly, is the key to his conduct. It is not that he hates Bonaparte less, but that he dreads the establishment of a great conterminous republic more, and would exorcise the specter by any number of human sacrifices and at any cost of consistency of policy. The sympathies of all lovers of free governments have passed over from the camp of Von Moltke to that of Trochu, now that the despot who had plunged France into this most profligate of wars has fallen from his high estate by his own crime and the almost unanimous act of the French people. To receive him back at the point of Prussian bayonets were a humiliation to which it is impossible that France can submit or will, unless reduced to a Prussian province, with Bonaparte at its head, sustained by a Prussian army. It is to be hoped that Trochu may prove the great man that always does come to the head of affairs at such a tremendous crisis as this. Or, if not he, that the commanding spirit will be evoked in some quarter from this ebullition of the elements of society, capable of organizing the immense resources for resistance which yet remain, and of vindicating the right of the French people to govern themselves as they judge best for themselves.

What we may hope to come after Bonaparte will be a better knowledge of themselves than the French have yet possessed. Such a lesson can hardly fail to qualify their overweening self-confidence and self-esteem. It is one of the mysterious ways in which God moves over the affairs of mankind, that almost every improvement in human condition has to be purchased by suffering, and generally by struggle and bloodshed. The cruel mortification which the French people have undergone, even should they succeed in driving the Prussians from the soil, must needs have a chastening and correcting influence on the mind of the nation. The destroying angel has passed over the land, and there will be scarcely a household that his shadow will not have darkened. Even victory would be chastised by a mourning which should, for a season at least, temper the volatile and mercurial character of the French people. Underneath this light exterior the history of the last ninety years has shown that great qualities of mind and character exist. Such a crisis as this must call them forth and make them predominant, if they be, indeed, as other men. The financial consequences of this war must enforce public and private economies, such as are strengthening and wholesome for nations, as for individuals. The corrupting and debasing luxury which it has been a part of Bonaparte's policy to promote must be checked; for the means of indulging it are gone. The vile example of his abandoned court will be removed from the high places. Strict public economy is essential to save France from the abyss of national bankruptcy. The most rigid private economy and industry will be demanded to repair the enormous waste of private wealth and of the materials for renewing wealth. These influences must last over many years before France can be restored to a normal prosperity. With a wise government, strong enough to maintain the public peace and to protect life and property, issuing from and responsible to the people, under constitutional guaranties, the waste places will be built up, and the wilderness which war has made will again blossom and bring forth fruit. If their defeats shall have cured the French of the disease of military glory, and the poverty they will have to encounter shall check the moral corruption which was eating out the heart of the nation, what will come after Bonaparte will be the happiest, the most prosperous, and the most truly glorious passage of their history.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

WE used to hear a great deal about "Muscular Christianity," and for a half dozen years were haunted with visions of brawny philanthropists, stalwart and sinewy saints, meek and lowly disciples, who stood full six feet in their stockings and were able to lift a ton, and robust reformers, whose ruddy cheeks and splendid physiques and happy healthfulness were the best possible prophecies of the good time coming. And, with many others, we lent a willing ear to the gospel of the gymnasium, and welcomed boat, cricket, base-ball, and the other evangelists of the new dispensation. We had seen and felt so many of the miseries incident to physical weakness and the ills flesh is heir to that we were more than pleased with the promise of anything that would diminish human suffering and give good men and women the strength and vigor needed to put their thoughts into things, and make life a joy instead of a penance.

But somehow the promised good has not come, and the signs of its immediate coming are very few and faint. Many of those who learned the arts of the new religion got more muscularity than Christianity out of the exercise. The old story of the well has been repeated with a new variation; and when the physical bucket has gone down full the spiritual has come up empty. With the most base-ball are the fewest beatitudes. The Christianity thus far has been in an inverse ratio to the muscularity, the more sinew the less sympathy, and brawn has been developed at the expense of brain and soul. Races and rowdyism usually go together by some law of natural selection; cricket runs into dissipation and often ends in fisticuffs; the bowling-alley developes strange affinities to the bar-room; and the finished product of the new training is frequently rather a bully than a brave and noble man.

But, if the new muscularity does not mix well with old-fashioned morality, and the vigor that comes from manufactured blood runs more readily to vice than to virtue, its physical results are scarcely more satisfactory. Many constitutions have been permanently injured by injudicious and excessive exercise, while the habits formed in physical training tend to break down the system and colonize the graveyard. There is no question that the physical strain and exposure incident to ball and rowing matches, and other trials of strength between rival clubs, whose members are spurred on by pride and incited by tempting prizes, are both detrimental to the general health and dangerous to particular organs of the competitors. Looked at from the physical side only, such contests are pernicious, while their tendencies are toward dissipation and the prize-ring. The best specimens of manly health and vigor are seldom found among the so-called "athletes."

Of course, all this should be otherwise. We want all the vigor, all the fine, full physical development that can be obtained. The extremest advocate of "Muscular Christianity" never half stated the value and the need of physical training, and the strength, joy, and good that would result from a complete development and proper care of the body. We have only begun to open our eyes to the physical possibility and good of life, and scarcely suspect what lies at the end of the road which even the most forward among us have but just entered upon. As a people, we are suffering, if not dying, for want of proper physical care and training. We are a community of weaklings, at the best; while more than half of our people are consumptive, dyspeptic, bilious, gouty, debilitated, nervous, or mere shadows, drying up and fading away before their time. There is too much foundation for Dr. Allen's statement that the American race is dying out. But what shall we do? Wherein lies the efficient and infallible remedy?

It does not by any means follow that, because some of our methods of physical training have failed or proved seriously objectionable, the whole effort to secure sound health and a strong, well-developed body must be given up in despair. Enough has been gained to convince everybody of the value and unspeakable importance of continued efforts for this end. And it becomes every man and woman, as they return from summer relaxation to winter work and social excitement, to consider well how they shall keep the health they have gained and increase the precious store. Certainly common sense and calisthenics can go together; and it needs no great ingenuity or expense to construct a gymnasium in any house, which shall be worth more to the members of the family, and contribute more to their happiness, than a half-dozen excursions or balls. Every art and implement needed for the perfect care and training of the body can be put into any good home; and, if used with regularity and discretion, will prove an unfailing source of pleasure as well as health. Those who would knit muscles and morals more closely together, and make health and wholeness synonymous with holiness, should begin their exercises at home, away from temptations to excess and dissipation. These, well followed up, and fortified with regular habits, good food, warm clothing, and, above all, with sociality, kindness, and a happy heart, will enable us to keep the adjective without burying the substantive and resurrection. The more "muscular" the better, so long as there is "Christianity" enough to carry and consecrate it.

PAUL DOMBEY AND THE BLIMBERS.

IN the first half of "Dombey & Son," which is so excellent a work of art that one regrets its association with the long-drawn and dreary last half, there is a description of the interior of an English private school, and of the stately principal, Dr. Blimber, who closes every meal, every walk, every recitation, and indeed everything, with the phrase "Let us resume our studies, gentlemen." And the reader can never get out of his mind the little, precocious, old-fashioned Dombey, who is prone to see lions and tigers fighting on the wall-paper, and to hear voices in the waves, and to see phantoms beckoning to him on the sea, and who is one of the grists in the cruel and unintermitting mill that Dr. Blimber grinds. One sees him, after a weary and sleepless night, "resuming his studies." One sees him with his feeble little arms running over with books, in which he must resume his studies. One can never cease to see him as he sits reciting to cold Cornelia Blimber, staring at her spectacles and wondering whether she has any eyes behind the shining glasses. And this little fellow, whose childhood is destroyed and whose life is at last ground out of him by the process of "resuming his studies" on every occasion, is a representative of thousands. Not alone in English private schools, but in American public schools as well, is childhood remorselessly thrown into the hopper, while young women, who, like little Paul's teacher, have one injunction ever ringing in their ears, "Bring him on, Cornelia; bring him on!" stand over and turn the crank, which, if it does not grind the life, at least grinds much of the joy out of childhood.

The *Watchman and Reflector* finds fault with us for saying that the prevalent system of instruction in our primary schools is radically wrong. But we do not think the expression too strong. A system that leaves out of the account the playfulness of childhood; that makes no use of the characteristic traits of children as means of mental discipline; that regards learning to read as the sole object of primary teaching; that goes directly against the natural current of a child's nature, is surely wrong—radically, fundamentally wrong. We do not deny that primary instruction in this country has been of service; but we express our convictions that the prevailing system is wrong in purpose and method. There are exceptionally good teachers and there is much good teaching in American schools, in spite of the radical defects of the system.

Six hours a day is twice the time that a primary scholar should spend in school. It is unwise, it is cruel, and in many cases it is fatal, to keep little children in the school room six hours a day. "Let us resume our studies," says the school-bell in the morning; "Let us resume our studies," says the Dr. Blimber in the belfry after dinner; and how often, alas! are evening tasks given to children, which cry to them even after supper, "Let us resume our studies."

Cornelia Blimber was not hard-hearted; but she had oft-repeated instructions to "bring him on." Our teachers of little children, whether they wear glasses or not, are hard-working and generally kind-hearted. But the school committee is a collection of Blimbers, who ask only one thing of a teacher: "Bring him on, Cornelia." The teacher's promotion, the teacher's salary, the teacher's very subsistence, depends on her success in "bringing on" the pupils assigned to her. Everything is done for examination. The bright scholars get the crowding, for they are the ones that will be oftenest trotted out at the examinations. And the teacher lives with reference to the time when Blimber, D.D., and Blimber, M. D., and Blimber, LL.D., shall witness and approve her success in bringing them on. To bring them on, therefore, they are required to "resume their studies" in school, and to "resume their studies" at home. To bring them on, the spontaneity of childhood is crushed; the playfulness of childhood is repressed; God's laws are violated; vital strength is often wasted; learning is made distasteful to many; and some sensitive souls, like little Dombey's, are fairly driven forth out of their earthly tenements. We are not exaggerating. We know of more cases of injury to health by the severe pressure of the present system of instruction in the primary schools than we could crowd into an article. We freely confess that we consider it much better to keep a child under ten years of age out of school than to subject him to the pressure of Cornelia Blimbers, who are themselves subject to the tyranny of other Blimbers, whose whole desire is that the child shall be brought on. To bring him on should, indeed, be the chief aim of the teacher; but not alone in that knowledge that can be counted, weighed, measured, catalogued, but above all in that development of faculties and affections that is the first fundamental work of education.

We have not advocated the kindergarten method in opposition to the common schools. The kindergarten is in Germany the school of the poor, and there is no reason why it should not be a part of the common-school system of America. But our Boston coutemporary says: "Nor do we believe that, if it is the very best method the world has ever known, our leading educators would give it so little attention." Let us remember that the kindergarten was the work of Froebel's old age, and that he has not been dead twenty years. Let us recall the fact that it has already gained the unqualified approval of the most eminent educators and thinkers of Germany and France. But, if we except "Wiebe's Guide," now just issued, there has never yet appeared in English a work giving an intelligent account of the kindergarten methods and the philosophical principles that underlie them. And even Wiebe's is too brief to be complete. The literature of the kindergarten, though it is abundant, is yet almost entirely in German; and the schools professing to be kindergartens are many of them burlesques. Our leading educators did not, until recently, introduce the Pestalozzian object teaching into this country, though that is not a novelty in Germany. When we consider, therefore, how recently Froebel's system was discovered, and how much time, study, practice, and natural adaptation is required to master it, we cannot be surprised that its introduction into this country should not be immediate. We have a letter from an eminent educator, at the head of one of the largest and best normal schools in this country, in which he confesses his ignorance of the system of Froebel, but says that he has a great prejudice in its favor. We write this article with a knowledge of the system in its literature and its practical workings, and we have an ever-increasing desire to see it take the place of the present system. We hope for the day when the genius of good old Frederick Froebel shall drive the ghost of Blimber from the belfry, and when the fresh-hearted infant shall no longer tremble to hear the inexorable sentence, "Let us resume our studies."

Editorial Notes.

WOOSTER UNIVERSITY is the name of the new institution, mainly under Old School Presbyterian patronage, which was formally opened and dedicated a few days ago at Wooster, O. It begins its existence with the finest college building in the United States—a building which cost $150,000, and is situated on a fine elevated campus of twenty acres, commanding a magnificent view of distant hills. Besides the building, there is already secured a fund of $250,000, with the speedy prospect of more. A medical department has been organized at Cleveland, and the law school will not be long delayed. No American institution has commenced its existence with such financial strength, with the exception of Packer and Cornell Universities. But the matter of special interest to which we would call attention is the brilliant victory gained in its organization and control by the revolutionary ideas of Oberlin. This new university, established by those who are regarded as the most conservative of the conservative, elects as its president Dr. Wills Lord, who, though a recent convert to abolitionism, has been the leader in the late war against the pro-slavery McCormick faction in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest. And, still further, with Dr. Lord's hearty cooperation, Wooster University invites young men and young women to equal privileges in its classes. It is not very long ago since Oberlin was an outlaw even in its own denomination. Now, but 50 miles away, she sees the most conservative religious body in the country challenging her to try which shall best express what the Germans, and Matthew Arnold after them, call the *Zeitgeist*—the Spirit of the Age. When shall Yale and Harvard and Amherst and Cornell follow Oberlin and Wooster in opening their doors to any and every human being that can do the work required of their pupils?

....The *New National Era*, which, under the editorship of Frederick Douglass, gives evidence not only of high moral power, but of great political sagacity, warns the Republican party of the danger that a portion of the colored voters may be, through ignorance and the force of habits fostered by slavery, drawn to the support of the sham Democracy. While "the Northern Democracy was never more the natural and unfailing ally of slavery than colored voters are of the Republican party," it is none the less true that "the leaders of the Democratic party in the Southern States hold a decided advantage in several important particulars over those of the Republican party." The grounds of this advantage Mr. Douglass thus describes:

> "They [the Democratic leaders] are the former rich men of the South, and colored men respect riches. They own the land, and mean to own it as long as they can. To further that land is a power. They are the ancient ruling class, and retain much of their ancient prestige. They are gentlemen in the Southern acceptation of that word, and it is a part of the negro's religion to look upon gentlemen as superior beings. None of what are contemptuously called the 'poor white trash' can gain the confidence of the colored man, as such can. The Southern gentleman, for the latter is considered a man of honor, and it is believed he will sacredly keep his word. Then, too, the planter and the master-spirits of the South are acquainted with each other. They are related to each other not only as former master and slave, but they are now related to each other as employers and employés. They understand each other. The negro mother has often furnished for the first time the infant life of your Democratic aristocrat. Impressions made by slavery are not dim on a day. An instant may snap the chain, but an age may not efface the mark it leaves on the soul. The South has a

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The Independent

THE WOUNDED.

BY JANE O. SWISSHELM.

NAPOLEON has risen from the degradation of emperor to the place of a private citizen of no place. The French Republic is born, and may possibly live a month. King Wilhelm has obtained possession of a very large elephant, and may carpet the corridors of his cage to prevent the tramp of his keepers from disturbing the rest of the noble prisoner. The Roman pontiff is in trouble, and it appears as if the world's old despotism had received another heavy blow on one of its hydra heads; but towns and hamlets and castles are crowded with mangled men. How my heart reaches out to them, and how my ears ring with their cries of anguish! To have a faint, a very faint idea of that anguish, one must, for weeks, have walked the wards of a crowded hospital nightly, between midnight and morning. Those who visit or attend them in daylight know little of the tortures of the small hours of the night; and what I have seen of it leads me to think that not a hero among them ever died or recovered from a severe wound without at some time crying aloud in agony too great for silent endurance. All that skill and care and patient love can do for them can never make it easy for men to pass from the battle-field on a stretcher either to the grave or to convalescence. All that wealth and science and experience can contribute should be freely given to mitigate their pain; and, as THE INDEPENDENT is read by all sorts and conditions of men, I want, through its columns, to give something of my experience in the care of wounded men—some hints to nurses—in hopes that they may reach some of those who may be in active service now, or hereafter.

In the first place, every woman who goes into an hospital to nurse should purge her inmost soul of its last vestige of vanity and desire for conquest; should never for an instant, while there, entertain the thought that any man she meets there could ever be a lover. There she should spur her whole soul to a great human love, and ask God to pour into her heart such a flow of that tenderness which brought Christ from Heaven to earth, that that heart, like a little pitcher under a large fountain, may be always overflowing. To each one I would say: Be sure of your own soul; live very near the Eternal Throne; and while you mentally pray, work with all your might, making the work of your hands the accompaniment of hopeful, cheerful, loving words, of which your voice must never weary.

Science says that fruit-acids are the best preventive to hospital gangrene; and my experience goes to prove that with plenty of lemonade, judiciously given, and ordinary comfort and care, there can be no gangrene. That other curse of the hospital, "piemia," can be best encountered with plenty of warmth, gentle stimulants nutritious food, and a steady infusion of hope. I have fought it, night after night and day after day, with hot blankets, hot bricks, hot-water applications, hot green tea, friction with alcohol and water externally applied, and other such contrivances for restoring circulation, and have driven off the wolf every time. The prevention or arrest of piemia lies with the nurse; and when a physician finds one who can and will co-operate with him, he is always ready to direct what it would often be dangerous to propose without knowing how his orders would be executed.

The emergencies of hospitals often arise, the fatal changes take place, in the small hours of the night, when the surgeons are asleep. At these times I used to do whatever my judgment suggested, and report in the morning, and never had a surgeon find fault. Once they took a man's thigh-bone out in splinters, from the hip-joint down to within four inches of the knee, leaving one splinter about six inches long with that part of the hip-joint which was uninjured. Three days after the operation, they sent the chaplain's wife to tell me that, as my object was to save life in desperate cases, and I had as many patients on hand as I could possibly attend to, I need not spend my time with him, as there was no possibility of his recovery. They told him he could not live, and he told me. I went to the surgeon in charge, and said: "Doctor, he shall not die. He is from Minnesota. I know his friends. He is young, and I will not let him die. You must save him!"

He laughed, and shook his head. And after some talk I said: "If I can keep his stomach in good order and regularly supplied with good blood-making food, keep him from taking chills, keep down pain so that he can sleep, will he not get well?"

"Well," he answered, "I never knew a man die under such circumstances."

"I can do that, Doctor, if you take care of the wound."

So we made a compact. The surgeons dressed the wound and prescribed any drugs that were wanted. The male nurses did all for him that they usually did for patients, and aided me when I wanted their help. The man is living now, active and useful, walks without a cane, and has excellent health. The case, as recorded, (and the bones are preserved in the Medical Museum, Washington), was considered almost miraculous, and is a noteworthy instance of the possibilities of skillful surgery and careful nursing. For two weeks at one time I took all the sleep I got by snatches, wrapped in a gray blanket, on a cot in the ward, where there were forty beds occupied by wounded men, in an hospital of from seven hundred to one thousand men, sick and well, and I the only white woman. During those two weeks I fought piemia night and day. Cool weather had brought chills, and an hour's neglect was almost certain death.

The mode of operation was this: That mangled limb was suspended in a frame. When it was unusually painful, I changed the position by loosening or tightening the cords; raised it, lowered it, oh, so gently, imperceptibly; cut tight places in the bandages; inserted the point of a finger between the folds, and with my nail irritated the skin; brushed the toes, pinched them; rubbed the sole of the foot, bathed it with whisky and arnica; stuffed in little bits of cotton or oakum, or little cushions, first in one place and then another, to bring change of position, rest, and freedom from pain; bathed head and breast and arms and the whole limb with alcohol and water; kept up warmth by means of hot bricks and blankets, and circulation by every artifice I could contrive; kept the tea hot all night, and gave it in small quantities, varied with egg-nogg and wine. Sometimes, in paroxysms of pain, I have stood and knelt by his bed two hours, soothing away the pain, and never gave up until he slept.

The pain of mangled limbs and stumps can be relieved; and there is no need for a man to die of that exhaustion brought on by it and the consequent loss of sleep. Let me give some instances. One night, about midnight, I found a young man in frightful agony, and three nurses working over him. They whispered me he had not slept for forty-eight hours, and that the surgeon said he was gone. His left leg had been cut off above the middle of the thigh, and a cold, clamy sweat stood on his face. I drew a chair, sat down, took the stump in my hands, clasping it very gently but firmly, cooing and talking to him as a mother would to a very sick baby. In twenty minutes he was sound asleep. I whispered to a nurse, who brought me a bunch of oakum; pulled off little tufts and put them where I could work them with my forefingers in to fill up the space occupied by my fingers; gradually and easily I substituted the oakum and little cushions for my hands in keeping the muscles and tendons rounded up into their relative places. I formed of them a mold, as I had done of my hands, to keep the stump round; left him sleeping, and he slept six hours. Then he woke, and was moved. The stump spread again, and the agony returned. A nurse ran for me. I held it in my hands until he slept, which was but a few moments; then arranged the mold, and he slept eight hours. For two days and nights I was enabled to save him from any serious pain. Then his mother came, and he went home with her not long after.

One night, in passing through a ward, I heard some one sobbing and weeping bitterly; and found it was a merry fellow, who was a model of courage and cheerfulness. He had a bullet-hole through a thigh, and the limb was much swollen. His head and hands were burning and dry, his feet cold, and his cry, "My God! my God!" He would not let me touch the wound, saying, "I cannot bear it." So I began by bathing his head and hands, and getting him to tell me his story. He was a Pennsylvanian, and felt neglected by his state. So I told him, while I bathed him, that the governor of Pennsylvania had specially commissioned me to come to him—to come just then, when he needed me most, and to do everything for him that could possibly be done.

"Did he?" he asked, in wonder; and then the pain rang out his refrain, "My God! my God!" which came thick as commas between his words, and with a groan, he added: "How did he know?"

"Oh," said I, "He knows all about it, and has never forgotten you for one moment; not 'Andy Curtain'—he is only a sub—but the dear Lord who governs all things; and He intends me to find out what causes this terrible pain, to relieve it, let you have a sleep, get well, go back to your regiment, and home to your mother after the war."

With much coaxing he let me examine the position of the wounded leg. I found that some ingenuous nurse had put a small cushion under his heel and left the bed-cover resting on his toes. As he lay on his back, this produced a strain on the wounded muscles that would have been intolerable to sound flesh. I slid that cushion up to fill the hollow at the ankle, stuffed some oakum under the knee, and then slid a cushion in under that; changed the position of the leg, so gently that he felt no jar; raised the weight of the cover off the foot, pinched the toes, and rolled the leg up in the blankets; bathed and rubbed the well foot, to help circulation, and put on a warm sock. The pain and fever left as by magic. Less than an hour after I found him in that paroxysm of distress he was sleeping soundly, for the first time in three days. Three months afterward he joined his regiment, and went home at the close of the war.

Nurses should make it a study to relieve weary muscles by gentle changes of position, and continue the changes until the wounded limb rests. It can be done, and more men die for want of relief from pain than most people suppose. This was my specialty. I took it up by intuition, and found few cases where I failed to win for the sufferer a few hours of sleep. In hopes that my experience may reach some one who will profit by it and improve on my plan, I risk my physician's grave reproof by writing this much. On dressing gangrene wounds at Fredericksburgh, after the Battle of the Wilderness, some of the poison passed into my blood, and I have been more or less of an invalid ever since, and for some months I have been forbidden to write, or read, or work, or think. Quite a simple prescription. But those who dress gangrened wounds should be careful not to let any of the poison touch any broken skin on their own persons.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., Sept. 8th, 1870.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

DENOMINATIONAL high schools, academies, seminaries, and colleges dot our country from ocean to ocean. When a church society is organized in a newly-settled locality, it soon lends its aid to the efforts of the public school system in placing the means of a liberal education within the possible enjoyment of all. Sometimes their efforts even precede those of the state.

Thus far such schools are of incalculable benefit. But they, like many other institutions and organizations for benefiting the community and the public, have their weak points. Of these two, at this time particularly demand notice.

First, the organizations for founding and perpetuating these schools attempt more than is possible for them to do—more, in fact, than is necessary to be done. They multiply the number of high schools of various grades and colleges beyond the possibility of liberal patronage or support; and thus, by scattering the funds, a little here and a little there, found many schools, but condemn all to a low grade. Moderately-peopled states—such as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—each have, in addition to their public schools (which of themselves afford ordinary advantages in common branches) and state university, from ten to twelve denominational colleges and from fifteen to twenty seminaries and academies, besides a large and increasing number of schools of lower grades. It is impossible for states of no larger population than these, and of so little wealth, to support so many schools and of such grades; nor is it at all requisite to the educational interests of the state that they be supported.

An average attendance of from more than one hundred to two hundred students cannot be expected, and in many instances the numbers fall below even this small estimate. Very few of those in attendance would be deprived of at least equal opportunities if the number of institutions should be decreased. For, should the number of these schools be decreased, the interest in the public schools would increase, and they would offer additional advantages. Then to those desiring more than could be acquired here the easy and rapid means of travel in nearly all parts of the country would make the difference between going 25 or 100 miles to school but a small item—surely not sufficient to balance the increased advantages of a school having the united fund of six or eight of those now in existence. If these schools would unite so as to form but a few in each state—only so many as the interest of the people should require—the student would have the benefit of museums, cabinets, and laboratories, which are so essential to even a tolerable understanding of the natural sciences, but which at present are beyond the reach of most of the denominational schools. Here is a deficiency that no amount of mere word-teaching can supply. No text-books or books of reference can so facilitate the study of these branches, can give so adequate an understanding of them, as seeing the things of which they treat in their natural condition, and observing their various peculiarities, combinations, and workings. The absence of these advantages sends many an investigating student elsewhere in search of them.

Another and very important result that more united efforts would bring about would be seen in the teaching force of the country. As most of these schools now are, with their limited means, they cannot afford to pay a sufficient amount to secure the services of first-class teachers, only in those few instances where the love of teaching, the love of the church, or of both combined is sufficiently strong to secure the teacher, even at a sacrifice of his pecuniary interests. The number of such is small, indeed, when compared with the number of places awaiting them. Decrease the number of schools by uniting, raise the united ones to a higher grade, and the funds will increase; hence, increased means of securing proper teaching.

But the second weak point in church institutions to which we refer is perhaps not so detrimental as the first; yet has considerable influence in molding the character of institutions of learning, and is found in the necessity of a certain qualification required for the teachers in many of the most important positions—qualifications founded neither on learning, on the ability properly to instruct and direct others, nor on the possession of proper moral and religious views. Every president and vice-president in the colleges and every principal in the other grades of schools must in almost all cases be selected from the ministers of its particular denomination. Now, this very materially lessens the number of persons competent to fill those positions. Even if the nature of these institutions demands religious instructors, surely many lay-members are as competent teachers on general subjects as a considerable proportion of the ministry. For, while some ministers have a liberal education as well as a theological, and are careful to give due attention to the hearing of all matters that seem to be of importance, that they may the more effectually support the good or combat the evil, others (and men of profound piety many of them are), seeing every now and then points of apparent contradiction between science and the teachings of inspiration, reject the former, considering it an unprofitable and an unholy thing to pursue the investigation.

Of the first of these two classes a considerable proportion would be competent teachers, and would manage well the internal workings of institutions of learning. But these same men, taken from the preaching force of the country, would be very detrimental to the interests of that department. And no man can long endure the double work of a regular appointment as minister and a position in a college as president or professor. This process is then increasing the effective force in one channel of instruction by taking it out of another; and this, without first ascertaining whether an equally good result might not have been brought about for the one without detracting from the power of the other.

But as to the latter class of the above-mentioned ministers. These rarely, if ever, make good instructors, and are almost as rarely qualified for the governing and directing an institution, a large part of whose work is to teach these same sciences which they condemn. They are prone to discourage a more than superficial knowledge of them, through the fear of weakening the effect of the lessons of Holy Writ; when, in fact, as a thorough and *true* knowledge of science is acquired the breach between science and religion disappears. The teachings of the former so blend with those of the latter that the whole seems elevated by the union; for science, without degrading, multiplies the number of views which we take of the teachings of inspiration and attracts us more intelligibly toward the right, the good, and the Author of all.

SATURDAY.

THE POWER OF LITTLENESS.

BY REV. ASA P. LYON.

IT is not difficult to see how great results follow great beginnings. Every one understands that. But it is by no means easy always to trace the outgrowth of greatness from littleness.

Unquestionably, the little often contains the germ of the great. The acorn contains the germ of a mighty oak, that withstands the fury of the tempest. The babe, to-day rocked in the cradle, becomes in a few years the leader of a host, which, at his word, build up or destroy an empire. We do not maintain that success implies invariably humble beginnings; but we do maintain that history teaches very plainly that the mightiest movements which our race has witnessed have grown from humble origin.

During the last century a small, heroic band of preachers, mostly unlearned and generally persecuted, journeyed through the British Isles, insisting upon repentance and faith as necessary to salvation. They little dreamed they were to be God's instruments in organizing the Methodist Church, with several millions of communicants. A few centuries earlier, Pope Leo X heard that Luther was exciting inquiry and uneasiness among the people. He declined at first to interfere, saying that the disturbance was only a quarrel among the monks. He supposed the mighty power of the Church could at any time crush the heresy, which has since grown to a strength that promises soon to evangelize the world. Sixteen centuries earlier we find a still more notable illustration. From how humble a birthplace and how lowly a family the mightiest of all deliverers came forth. How wide the contrast between his first influence and his prophesied dominion—"from the river to the ends of the earth."

The importance of little things may not be discovered when they happen. Many a text and many a sermon have been uttered which left no satisfaction in the mind of the preacher. The audience may have been generally dull and small; but the result often appears through many generations. An incident of childhood, supposed to be hardly worth special notice at the time, has changed one's course for a whole lifetime.

Manhood looks back to the little perplexities of earlier years. They cost much sadness and many tears; yet without them the strong man would now be embarrassed at every step.

The church may learn a lesson from Satan. He poisons the waters at the fountain-head, that they may be unwholesome through their entire course. If the Church would successfully counteract his influence, they must be as patient and methodical. In youngest years and in the smallest matters, at home as well as the Sabbath school, the seed of doctrine and example must be sown. If a bad world attract to the Devil, let parents remember that a Christian home may more strongly attract to the Saviour. It is doubtful whether any influence in after life can outweigh the influence of home in early life.

In daily experience the value of small things is seen. Great fortunes are usually the result of great painstaking. Large enterprises do not succeed when attention to the smallest concerns declines. The secret of some men's success is their honesty in small transactions. Customers may doubt the old adage about straws, but they still prefer to deal with a man who has been proved true when he might have been false, with nobody the wiser. The secret of some men's failure in business is the distrust hinging to their failure in some insignificant affair.

Who has ever known a professing Christian to remain steadfast amid neglect of the smaller duties? If any are to be slighted, it is far better that they be the so-called larger duties

No Christian ever fell while in the earnest discharge of the smaller services of his Master.

In an age when commercial morality is far below flood-tide, when certain sins have come to be called necessary, when deceit and fraud are dealt out in infinitesimal doses by almost everybody, men should at least bear in mind the power of little sins.

Mr. Beecher compares them to the moths that work unseen in the darkness. Because their presence is unsuspected, they go on consuming the fabric until it is utterly worthless. If it is well to watch against public and sounding sins, it is better to watch against those which are far more dangerous because unlooked for—sins of neglect and haste, sins which men sometimes fancy none but God knows and he will readily forgive.

Why not keep in mind also the power of good? We do not mean that ampler form, such as Peabody or Cornell could plan and achieve; but that form for which each day brings an opportunity. It will be well if our views agree with those of Christ. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." In a humble position a man may be doing an incalculable amount of good. If he can raise one degraded outcast to a sense of responsibility, or convert but one soul from a life of sin to a life of righteousness, it will be more to boast of through eternity than the exploits of some world-renowned heroes. If he can rescue one's character, when assailed by foes, and set it forth as worthy of praise, we may be sure that deed will not be forgotten. The one word of heartfelt sympathy, the small charity of money or food, which gladdens an afflicted disciple, though unheralded on earth, will be recalled at the last day as an act of which our Father in Heaven took no mean notice.

OUR GIRLS AND THEIR EMBARRASSMENTS.

To "A GIRL OF THE PERIOD"*:

Respected Friend:—I think I can fully comprehend that thou art passing through one of the most critical periods in the life of woman; and my wish is that thou may select or make choice of such occupation or employment as shall tend most to promote thy own happiness and the glory of thy Creator. For thy present occupation permit me to suggest that thou read the life of Lady Guion; the life of Elizabeth Fry, who devoted several years previous to her marriage to teaching poor children; also, a small book entitled "Women of Worth," published by James C. Gregory, New York—particularly the account of Sarah Martin. And, also, to read two small books published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. One is, "Five Years in the Alleghanies"; and the other, "Toils and Triumphs of Missionary Colportage."

I am somewhat surprised that any person should be at a loss for employment, when I consider how large a portion of the white people in the Southern States can neither read nor write; and what a vast amount of humanity is running to waste in our large cities, in the shape of small children, growing up in ignorance, idleness, and the numerous vices which need not be named here. Oh, how often have I prayed that our Heavenly Father would send forth more laborers, earnest laborers, that would work with a will into this part of our harvest-field. I am one of those who believe there is a field for every one to work in; and that, if they seek it aright and in sincerity, they will find it. And, if they work faithfully and earnestly, with the ability afforded, thou may receive the answer: "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." Thy well-wishing friend,

J. D.

* See article "One Year Out of School," INDEPENDENT, Sept. 1st.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

A GENTLEMAN, who must be a Friend as much one way as he is the other, thinks that I might be helped to light if I would read the lives of Madam Guion, Elizabeth Fry, and Sarah Martin; and that, if I *must* have work, I can easily find it teaching the poor whites of the South to read and write, or the wretched wandering children of our own city streets. Let me thank him here for the advice. It was kindly meant, I know. I have been looking over the biographies he speaks of; but they haven't helped me. I can't see my way a bit clearer. I haven't the evidence of any such "call" as those good women (I mean Mrs. Fry and Sarah Martin) must have had. Madam Guion is too Frenchy for me. She isn't the kind of person who could help me any, and I don't believe that her biographer really understood her. I have the feeling that I have seen that kind of woman; and we never could get on.

Let alone the fact that my brother wouldn't listen to my going South for a single minute, I don't want to go myself. I haven't the kind of enthusiasm that would help me to bear up against everything a woman would meet there. I want work. I would do it "with a will" from the out-and-out love of it. I couldn't be a help to anybody in that field, and should, for my own part, be perfectly miserable. God loveth the cheerful giver. Am I to be pronounced selfish in this, and insincere in the wish I express that I had something to do? When young men ask for work, are they answered in this way? If their parents know anything, they look for some fitness for an occupation, and put them at the one they will be likely to succeed in best.

So far as I can see, the people who are doing missionary work successfully, at home or abroad, are those who undertake it hopefully, holding nothing back, Annias fashion. They have either been disappointed in the world, and are too much for themselves, and so take up the woes of the unfortunate in sheer desperation, hoping to get rid of themselves that way; or else they are so tormented and enraged by the miseries and ignorances of the people they go to help that they can't resist the impulse. With either kind there is a probability of enthusiastic working. I don't belong to either kind; and so, if I found myself in such a business, I should turn out a hindrance to "the society's operations" or a hypocrite. One of my schoolmates went to China as a missionary because there didn't seem to be any place for her in this country, and she thought the sea-voyage would be delightful.

The Friend who makes these suggestions seems to think there is no chance for a woman anywhere except as a missionary. It is a great vocation—perhaps, looked at in one light, the greatest; but, as I said, I haven't felt that I was called to it. One of the apostles said: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of Christ." Anybody who feels that way, man or woman, is the one to preach it. If everybody who does preach it feels that way we shall have the millennium in a year or two!

I took the letter written by a Friend to Miss Mason, and read it to her. I found her with a little old drab-colored book in her hand, its title printed on a yellow square on the cover. She heard the letter out, and then without a word gave me the book, with her finger on a passage, which I remember well enough to copy: "All the generous promptings of chivalry, all the poetry of romantic gallantry, depend upon woman's retaining her place as dependent and defenseless, and making no claims and maintaining no rights but what are the gifts of honor, rectitude, and love."

You may be sure I laughed well when I read that. "In the name of common sense," I said, "who wrote that?"

"Read the title-page," said she. Miss Mason is a teacher who knows how to teach. She don't tell all she knows to her pupils.

I read the title-page: "Letters to Catherine E. Beecher, in reply to an Essay on Slavery and Abolitionism addressed to A. E. Grimké. Boston, 1838."

"Oh, well," I said, "that was twenty or thirty years ago."

"Some truths are eternal," said Miss Mason, with a smile. "It was just thirty-two years ago."

"Nobody says that sort of thing now, though," I replied. And then I asked her who was A. E. Grimké.

Miss Mason seemed very much surprised that I had never heard of *her*, until she recollected that the book was a good deal older than I am. Then she told me a beautiful, heroic tale, Mr. Editor, which I have been thinking you must know by heart.

"As to the doctrine," she went on, "Angelina Grimké resented it as much as you do." She took up the book and read: "No woman who understands her dignity as a moral, intellectual, and accountable being cares aught for any attention or any protection vouchsafed by the 'promptings of chivalry and the poetry of romantic gallantry.' . . . What dost thou mean by woman's retaining her place as defenseless and dependent? Did our Heavenly Father furnish man with any offensive or defensive weapons? Was he created any less defenseless than she was? Are they not equally defenseless, equally dependent on him? What did Jesus say to his disciples when he commissioned them to preach the Gospel? 'Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' What more could he have said to women?"

"Good!" said I. "Angelina writes as if she had been taught by angels, among whom, it is said, there is neither male nor female. But Miss Beecher, (she is going to open a school in Hartford), do you suppose they'll teach the 'poetry of romantic gallantry' there?"

"Never mind how she expressed it," said Miss Mason. "There's a vital truth in what Miss Beecher said. What is it that hinders your undertaking something that you know your brother wouldn't like? You recognize, whether you know it or not, the existence of a sentiment that would be endangered."

"Yes," I couldn't help answering, "and if Florence Nightingale had had a brother, she might have been put into the stocks by the same feeling; and, if she had consented to it, *he* would never have had the opportunity of rejoicing in the luster she earned for their name."

"Florence Nightingale, my dear, would have learned in Miss Beecher's school, if I understand Miss Beecher, just how to go about such a business as earned the luster you speak of. Hear this: Miss Grimké is quoting from Miss Beecher. Catherine says: 'Woman is to win everything by peace and love; by making *herself* so much respected, etc., that to yield to her opinions and to gratify her wishes will be the free-will offering of the heart.' She speaks of the sex in general, I suppose; but Miss Grimké answers as if it had been said of individual women. Miss Beecher would not advocate a doctrine so selfish as 'every woman for herself.'" "Miss Beecher wants us to understand that woman has her place, and that she had best keep in it, and that"—I stopped there.

"Yes," said Miss Mason, "and that, being mentally man's inferior, the sooner she finds it out the better for her."

"You agree there, too," said I. "I see it in your face. Miss Mason, I rebel against all this; it makes me sick at heart." And, Mr. INDEPENDENT, I assure you it does. Why educate girls up to a certain point, and then shoulder upon them with a statement like this? I declare I think the owls and bats are better off. They stay in the dark, and they like it. For all they care, the eagles may stare at the sun. But we! How would you like it yourself? I am wondering what kind of chicken-hearted, thank-you-for-letting-me-live set of graduates Miss B—— will have. I will say it, though I worship the ground my dear Miss Mason walks on.

You see how it is. I get no help anywhere. Haven't you anything to say, MR. INDEPENDENT? Can't a woman be independent, too? I am dependent, you see, on my brother. He is exposed every day to accidents, jumping off ferry-boats and in and out of street-cars, besides often carrying a great deal of money about his person, for he is in a great firm. *Suppose* it should happen that, all at once, instead of my depending on him, he had to depend upon me. *What could I do?* My diplomas I have said many times, seems to me nothing better than a banner of incompetence. In earning it, I have earned nothing I can live by. I *could* teach and starve, or die outright at it. I remember hearing two years ago that every time there was a vacancy among our teachers there were about fifty applicants for the place. It is "a terrible world" to live in, Mr. Editor, for women, and no mistake. But I don't talk in this way to people. Ask my brother. Ask anybody belonging to our set. Yet I know I'm speaking now as a sort of mouthpiece for many, many, not one of whom gets credit for being more than what I am—

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Book Table.

THAT much of our nineteenth-century piety is too external and superficial is a fact not to be denied. That we might learn some lessons from the mystics is also unquestionable. But we cannot learn them by any servile copying, and we shall not learn the lessons by reducing mysticism to rule, by driving stakes and setting bounds, as our modern perfectionist writers do, and then by preaching a mysticism thus reduced to a system as obligatory upon all. The very essence of mysticism lies in the freedom of individual development. And its excellence, such as it is, depends upon the possession of a genius for it. It may not be imposed upon those who are too normally and healthfully constructed to receive it. It is for some the only line of growth. But we should be sorry to have it preached generally as it has been at a few of what are modestly called national campmeetings. There is a growing tendency in some quarters to make piety too subjective—to think so much of yourself that you forget others, to turn the eyes of the mind round so that they unnaturally look within instead of without, at self instead of at Christ and Christ's work; and we speak from actual observation when we say that such piety is "barren and unfruitful." The book which has called forth these thoughts is an abridged edition of *The Letters of Madame Guyon*, in one small volume, edited by Mrs. P. L. Upham. (W. C. Palmer, Jr.) It is evidently intended for general circulation, and, unaccompanied by criticism or caution, will undoubtedly do harm. We confess that Madame Guyon does not seem to us a very good saint to canonize. She was possessed of a genius for devoutness and religious sentimentalism; but it was mixed with not a little transparent self-conceit and a good deal of cant. Every natural action of the mind, according to its own law, is spoken of as if it were supernatural. "You are not forgotten, my dear E. God has engraven you on my heart," she writes. Which is mere cant. She says to one correspondent: "At our last interview I had an inclination for silence; but, finding in you an aversion to silent communion," etc. We should appreciate highly an "inclination for silence" in some of our friends; but it is mere fanaticism that supposes that God will work through "silent communion," as Madame Guyon does repeatedly. Her logic is curious. That "the sun, the moon, and stars shine in silence" she adduces as an argument in favor of this silent way of holding religious communion. But not only was speech rather in the way than otherwise, but even presence in the same place was not needful. "I have," she writes to another, "an inward conviction that God is enriching your heart by my humble instrumentality. . . . The Spirit has revealed to me your state, when I have received no intelligence from you." To another she writes: "When I am with you, there is only a simple, imperceptible transmission from my soul to yours. You do not perceive any marked results, and they are not great, because you are not in a state to receive much, and often interrupt me by speaking, which causes in me a vacillation of grace." Which reads like the advertisement of a mesmeric physician. Considering that this is an edition edited, and in some sense expurgated, for popular circulation in America, it is not wonderful that Bishop Bossuet found enough in her writings, in the original, to cause him to protest somewhat indignantly against the spread of a mysticism so peculiarly dangerous to the imaginative people about the French court, and the only commendation of which is that it was indeed a sort of piety in a day when piety of any sort, except that of a gross superstition, was exceedingly rare.

—With all the facility that our English and American writers display in manufacturing indifferently-written novels, narrating the intrigues of rakes with other men's wives, we cannot see any excuse for translating French novels of the same poor and vicious sort. Doubtless, however, the publishers of *Camors; a Love Story* find that it pays, or they would not take the trouble to have done into poor English a book that is bad without having the interest and excitement of most bad books. Camors is a young French count, who is a first-class villain, and his mistress, Madame de Campvallon, is a match for him; but their actions are all so stiff, so puppet-like, so inconsistent with the deep passion the author attributes to them, that the book is immoral while it is so utterly weak that it can only be dangerous to fools. It is a pity, however, to corrupt idiots. (T. B. Peterson & Bro.)

—Scribner & Company announce as in preparation for early issue a new volume of the popular "Library of Wonders," devoted to *Light-houses and Light-ships*; the first volume of *The Early Years of the Christian Church*, by E. de Pressensé; a new and cheaper edition of Charles Loring Brace's *Races of the Old World*; the final volume of the popular edition of *Froude's History of England*; and a new volume of *Lange's Commentary*. They expect to issue in October Vol. IV (the last) of *Mommsen's Rome*; *Bible Notes for Daily Readers*, by E. M. Hunt, M.D.; a new and enlarged edition of *The Universe*, by F. A. Pouchet, M.D.; *The Theology of Christ*, by J. P. Thompson, D.D.; and three new volumes of the "Library of Wonders." For November they announce *Songs of Home*, and more wonder books.

—We have received rather late from A. O. Van Lennep, New York, the fifth *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The most interesting portions are those that have reference to the discovery of the Moabite Stone, though there are many other topics discussed of great interest to students of Palestinian topography. We wish that America would contribute more liberally to this Fund.

—Certainly quite unique in design as well as simple and natural in execution is *The Choice of Paris*, by S. G. W. Benjamin, (Hurd & Houghton) a romance of Homeric days. The author's knowledge of Levantine customs has stood him in good stead, and he has worked up the legends of Helen and Paris quite successfully into a story that is interesting and that does no violence to the classical associations of the subject.

—If any more simple, touching, or beautiful study of childhood was ever written than *Misunderstood*, by Florence Montgomery, we do not remember to have seen it. In psychological insight and in pathetic beauty it ranks with Dickens's Little Nell and Little Paul, with Jean Ingelow's Poor Matt, and with George MacDonald's Mattie and Poppie. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

—*The Little Corporal*, now that it has with much good sense come to an octavo magazine form, ought to be more successful than ever. The number for September opens with a pleasant, picturesque little wonder-story of "The Cricket's Golden Wedding," by Lucia Chase Bell, and contains the third chapter of Emily Huntington Miller's "Fighting the Enemy."

—We are sure that we are pleased with the more catholic appreciation of the good that is in George Sand, especially in the works written since she has ripened and mellowed—since she has lost her first aggressive iconoclasm. But we are not so sure that we are pleased with the popularity of her earlier works. T. B. Peterson & Brothers send us *Indiana*.

—*The Story of a Workingman's Life* is the autobiography of Francis Mason, D.D., an English workingman who "made himself," and became a useful Baptist missionary in Burmah. It is written in a discursive style, and has the air of egotism so difficult to avoid in an autobiography; but is, nevertheless, interesting.

—We are glad to know that *Guyot's Geographies*, after a long battle with old-fogydom, are every year more and more successful; and that the publishers have shown a disposition to make them more worthy of their success by inserting new maps in the Intermediate and the Elementary ones.

—Part XXXI of the American edition of *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible* nearly completes the article "Vulgate." There are no additions of moment to the English edition, except Dr. Ezra Abbot's very complete list of writers on the subject of the "Authorized Version."

—*Helps to Everyday Holiness*, by A. C. Rose, (W. C. Palmer, Jr.), is one of the large class of books designed to assist the Christian by short daily readings to Christian self-culture.

—*Robinson's First Lessons in Mental and Written Arithmetic* seems to be a successful adaptation of the objective method to arithmetic. (Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.)

—Quite a good contribution to local history is *Old and New Mackinac*, by Rev. J. A. Van Vleet, A.M. (Ann Arbor, *Courier* Printing Office.)

—The September number of the *Congregational Review* is received from Chicago, and is a good average number.

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AGRICULTURAL EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA.

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON TOP OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

LEAVING Cheyenne behind us—the largest of all the places we have yet passed, and still not containing over 2,000 inhabitants, where one year ago there were fully 6,000—we commence our ascent of the mountains. The grade is uniform, rising in 33 miles 2,200 feet, and for the last 13 miles over 80 feet to the mile. The surface of the country is still smooth and undulating, and covered sparsely with the short, crisp grass; white, as we reach the summit, at Sherman, we find ourselves upon the top of an immense mound, stretching afar for many miles in every direction, and 8,850 feet above the level of the ocean. To the north we behold, perhaps 25 or more miles away, a magnificent amphitheater of 25 miles diameter, sunk deep in the rocks and surrounding hills, and known as the Granite Cañon. Toward the south, 165 miles away, Pike's Peak looms up, plainly visible; to the northwest, 100 miles distant, we see Elk Mountain, a famous landmark; and 75 miles to the southwest is Long's Peak. No range of mountains of any great altitude is near, no evidences of long or great depth, and the traveler who expects startling scenery of awe-inspiring magnificence, or mountains of stupendous height, will be astonished at the evenness of the landscape, although the majestic distance will surprise him. But how exhilarating the atmosphere! You almost feel ready to take wings and fly away. The air is cool and bracing, the sun shines brilliantly upon this immense table-land, and the effect of light and atmosphere, together with the sensation of extreme altitude, overlooking peak after peak and distant ranges of mountains, give to the beholder a feeling of deep inspiration and high exultation. In other words, you seem to be on the *top of creation*. It is easy to feel happy and joyous there. Every passenger feels light-hearted and merry. Every face wears a smile.

The scene is really one of sublime grandeur. The wild, desolate country around, stretching we know not how many miles away, never relieved by a single tree and scarcely by a shrub, reveal bleakness and desolation everywhere; and, as the sun declines and the shades of night draw near, they tell us the cold winds come sweeping down across that summit and whistle with a fierceness we never know at home in our comfortable rooms. Never have we felt such a sensation of being utterly alone. No life-inspiring object greets the eye. All is solitude, complete isolation from mankind, and you are left alone in the presence of your Creator.

The exceeding lightness of the atmosphere sometimes affects the traveler unfavorably. At first it is difficult to breathe, the lungs expand and the heart beats quick; but after a few moments you become accustomed to it, and how delicious are the deep draughts of mountain air, reviving you and throwing a double power of invigoration into your frame.

WINTER WEATHER.

The winters here are of unparalleled severity. Even in summer the cool winds sweep sometimes gently, sometimes strongly, yet constantly stirring; and often our sleeping-cars need fires to make them warm and comfortable. But in winter the hottest fire can scarcely overcome the piercing cold; and double windows, double blankets, and double overcoats hardly suffice to make the tourist comfortable. Very little snow remains upon the ground, being mostly driven and swept away by the winds. The largest quantity yet that remained upon the ground for over a year past was but 3 inches, and that fell in the month of May. No danger to the working of the railroad is apprehended from the mere *depth of the snow;* but the rapid formation of drifts causes a very serious inconvenience. Hence, we often see snow-sheds, completely covering the track, wherever we pass through a cut of any magnitude, while on shorter curves or cuts a snow-fence, about 8 feet high, stretches along the track for several hundred feet in length and about 100 or 150 feet back. The fences interrupt the driving snow, and form an eddy or current of air, which piles the snow in large drifts between them and the track, thus keeping the railroad in a measure quite clear. The east winds usually bring cold rains and the deepest snows; but the worst storms come from the southwest. The coldest day of the winter of 1868–9 the thermometer stood 8 deg. below zero. On the warmest day of same season the thermometer stood 22 deg. above zero. In summer time, however, in the middle of the day, it often rises to 60, 70, even 80 deg.; but recedes rapidly at night to 30 and 40 deg.

A RIDE ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Taking our seat on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, in company with several others of our party, who had nerved themselves for the excitement, we prepare for the descent. The engineer pulls the valve, the engine gives a few puffs, and in a few moments away goes the entire train on a down grade, which stops not for 400 miles. We hold our breath—the speed increases, steam is shut off from the cylinders, and the engineer joins the company. Apparently the train is left to itself, its own weight propelling it in its rapid descent of 60 feet to the mile. In 15 miles the fall is 900 feet. *Dale Creek Bridge* appears before us; and for an instant we stand up and look down its entire height of 126 feet, and then it is gone. Its 650 feet of length hardly takes a moment to pass, while the little silvery stream that trickles down below, and hides its course over and anon in the banks or among the flowers, seems but a thread—so small we cannot measure it. As the train continues its progress, the plains begin to appear, and then to widen, until at Laramie, twenty-four miles from the summit, we enter the vast Laramie Plains, which extend east, west, and south beyond our sight. This fine belt of grazing-land is about twenty miles wide and sixty miles long, covered with rich, nutritious grass, where stock can be fed nearly all the year round, and from whence immense numbers of cattle are shipped weekly to the east. We see in the *bottoms*, the lowlands, where the grass is most luxuriant and of the deepest green, thousands of cattle, horses, etc., grazing at peace; and sometimes they gather so close to the railroad as to become a source of positive inconvenience to travel. The expense of fattening cattle here is said to be about the same as in Texas; but here the shipping facilities East and West are much more excellent. A car-load of horses or cattle to Chicago costs less than $300, or $20 per animal, and the actual cost here of a fine horse is but $75 to $15. The Plains are elevated an average of 7,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and the air, though cool, is dry. Frost makes its appearance early in the fall; but the grass is fully cured by the sun before its arrival, so that the cold weather has no injurious effect upon it. Little snow falls here, and cattle feed all winter upon this grass. The Plains have an unlimited capacity for stock-raising, and are located in a most picturesque drift of the mountains. Toward the south and the southwest, across the Plains, we see the magnificent mountains of the Colorado Territory, rising upward of 8,000 and 12,000 feet in hight, their summits covered with snow or hidden by the clouds. At times the sun glistens through openings in the clouds, and again is hid altogether, its alternations imparting life and beauty to the view.

At Laramie we are joined by another corps of our party, and for once our locomotive has not seats enough to fill the demands for space. Two hang on to every flag-staff, five tackle their legs over the cow-catcher, while half-a-dozen more make use of every available support behind and on the back railing; but away we go. The fun is exciting, and becomes intense as we time by our watches a speed of 50 and 55 miles an hour. On bend and as stretch the plains of Wyoming, Como, and Medicine Bow. We catch glimpses as we make sudden bends or some magnificent sweep, and almost double back upon our former course. At one place we remember a splendid curve of 6 miles, where we sweep around a long valley, and yet return again to within a mile of our starting-place. Elk Mountain looms upon our vision; and as night falls upon us we enter Rawlings, 100 miles from the summit. The exhilaration of the scene, the intense excitement of a ride so fast, so daring, and bold, and the glimpses we catch of scenery so beautiful and inspiring are too great a strain upon our energies, and it is long before we can close our eyes in quiet slumber. One grand ride like this fills to the full the enjoyment of the tourist. Were the Pacific Railroad worthy of no other interest, we would be satisfied with that grand locomotive ride down the Rocky Mountains, with the deep blue sky and snow-topped peaks around and above us.

ECHO CANYON.

The next morning gives us a fine view of the *Green River Country*. Standing upon the rear platform of the train, as it first sweeps around the mountain side and strikes the banks of the Green River, we look down its beautiful valley, so green and peaceful, and behold on its furthest verge the bold rocks of the Colorado Cañon, made so memorable by the exploration of Major Powell's expedition. Our vision is necessarily short, but the view is grand; those majestic rocks, with their precipitous sides, appear to rise 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the level of the valley, while the pure azure sky imparts a bluish softened haze, enhancing the picturesqueness of the scene.

At Wahsatch, a few miles on, we pass the *Wilder Pomological Party*, just returned from California; and have a few moments to enjoy their conversation, and to taste a little of the immense fruit caught in the stream near the station. An observation car, about 50 feet in length, with seats at the sides, and without any cover overhead, is attached to the rear of the train. The passengers throng in from all the other cars, and soon we are dashing among the grand rocks of *Echo Canyon*. We pass first, and suddenly too, through a tunnel, which is of itself an interesting feature. It is 770 feet in length, cut through hard red clay and sandstone. From the cast it is approached by two long pieces of trestle-work, one of which is 230 feet long and 30 feet high, the other 450 feet long and 75 feet high.

On emerging from the tunnel on the westward side of the mountain, we beheld a beautiful little canyon down below us, with a narrow strip of grassy bottom land. The track follows closely the sides of the mountains, with scarcely room for an additional foot of soil on each side, while we seem suspended midway between earth and heaven. A steep down-grade of nearly 50 feet to the mile carries the train along with thundering velocity, and at its foot we reach the wildest and most majestic scenery of the trip.

We stand in our car and look upward to the summits of bald and precipitous rocks, 500, 800, and 1,000 feet in hight. Some of them are called fanciful names, from resemblance to historic objects. A fine old bowlder, jutting out its prominent point in mid-air, is called the *Prow of the Great Eastern*, from its almost lifelike resemblance to the prow of an immense ship. A little further on is a rock which, true as Nature could have made it, represents an Indian woman in a kneeling posture. *Monument Rock* towers up between two immense bowlders, a majestic column. A group of rocks at another point are so disposed as to form an immense amphitheater, ready for some theatrical or tragic display; and for sixteen miles we have an uninterrupted view of a succession of curious rocks, of an average altitude of 1,000 feet. Their sides are as smooth-shaven and precipitous as if cut with a knife, while at frequent intervals they are detached from the range and stand like everlasting sentinels. Rifts in the sides of the chain reveal other little canyons and gorges beyond, with occasional strips of grass or a few shrubs and clumps of trees. The railroad track follows the foot of the canyon through its entire length and within 350 feet of its base, and the reader may imagine the grandeur of the view when he has to turn his head upward at an angle of 90 deg. to behold their summits and then gaze for over an hour. There is nothing like it, East or West, within the range of ordinary railroad travel. Stupendous rocks, apparently thrown up by volcanic action, their sides showing at various intervals as toward their summit that at some time far in the distant past they have been washed by some mighty, turbulent inland sea. We see solid walls everywhere—walls of sandstone walls of granite, walls of red clay—apparently having withstood for centuries rain, wind, and the effects of time; and still they stand, presenting their frowning buttresses and towering domes, their noble forms of pillar, column, and spire, in awe-inspiring majesty and weird grandeur to the vision of the traveler. As a fitting scene to close this glorious panorama, Pulpit Rock stands at the foot of the canyon, in dim form of a tremendous bowlder of detached rock, something like a pulpit, overlooking the valley of the Echo River; while beneath it a sudden curve of the railroad cuts close under the edge of the rock. We pass this and the Witch's Cave, and our train comes in sight of Echo City.

WEBER CANYON.

Here we make friends with the engineer, and prepare for another glorious locomotive ride. Standing firmly in front of the lantern, with a tight grip upon the rail beneath it, we bare our heads to the breeze and swing our hats as we approach Weber River. From Echo City for six miles the country is laid out as a plain, and cultivated to some extent by Mormon settlers. We see also their fortifications, on the other side of the plain. At the western end of the valley the mountains close abruptly, leaving a narrow and circuitous passage-way, about 30 yards wide, where the Weber River glides down with rapid current, and leaves only a small strip, of less than 15 feet, at its side for the railroad track. Even this has been washed away by the severe spring torrents, and the grading has often to be renewed.

For 40 miles the river rushes foaming along this deep ravine, on either side two high mountain walls stretching upward 800, 1,000, and 1,500 feet. The locomotive follows the bank of the river closely during the entire distance, often crossing it on wellbuilt bridges or skirting it on the edge of some deep ravine. For the first two miles the bed of the railroad is cut almost wholly out of the solid mountain rock. We pass a solitary tree, the largest one we had noticed since leaving Omaha, standing beside the track, exactly at the close of the 1,000th mile from Omaha. A large sign swings from its lower branch, bearing its name "The Thousand Mile Tree." It is a singular fortune that it should happen to be exactly on the spot; and, as it is large and fine looking, it is an object of curiosity.

Just beyond this tree, on the left-hand side, we pass the "Devil's Slide." It is a parallel row of narrow slabs of rock, from 50 to 200 feet in hight, standing on edge, and running up the side of the mountain. We should judge them to be about 10 feet apart; but distances are very deceptive, and we find them to be really from 50 to 100 feet apart. Their hight is about 1,000 feet. The sides of the mountains here on the left side of the river have a slight slope, not being wholly precipitous, although their altitude is from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. On the left side of the canyon the mountains are continuous, and at frequent points jut out in bold promontories or startling angular rocks. On the right side, close to the railroad, the mountains are almost entirely precipitous, and often split asunder, showing immense clefts and rents of startling abruptness.

Crossing the river, we hold our breath as we dart into a dim, cavernous tunnel, cut through the solid rock; while above us juts out Finger Rock, a long, slender rock protruding from the mountain and perhaps 60 feet in length. We emerge again from the darkness of the tunnel just in front of the Devil's Gate. Was ever a place more appropriately named? The mountains close in on every hand, seeming to bar all further progress; yet the river, with impetuous velocity dashing its way along, by a bold circuit enters the narrow gorge at its side and pours its volume of water under the frowning cliffs. The mountain sides tower up 2,000 feet, precipitous as the side of a house, and the water foams and bubbles and writhes with the utmost fury. Just at the outlet to this strange, seething cauldron the railroad bridge has been thrown across the stream, fully 50 feet above its surface. Here the train stops a moment to permit the astonished tourists to view it more thoroughly. Was ever a scene more awe-inspiring and wonderful than this? What art could never have done Nature has accomplished. We gaze upon it with perfect admiration, and look from river and torrent up the steep sides of those tremendous rocks, and down again, and are completely lost in wonder and in praise. We think of that grand old verse of David: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork."

The rest of the canyon offers slight attraction, compared with what we have just seen, although it is still grand and beautiful. We sit down on the front bar of the engine, and gaze in silence at scene after scene of this lovely valley. Suddenly we turn to the right, emerge from the ravine, and behold the valley of the Great Salt Lake before us. Thankful to Heaven for such glorious scenery and such an inspiriting ride, we are glad to welcome Ogden, and prepare for our sojourn a few days among the Mormons. It seems strange that the finest scenery of this tour should be gathered up in so small a compass—the last 50 miles out of 1,032 containing all that is really grand and astonishing. For two days after leaving Omaha we travel through dry, tame prairies, with few startling objects of natural beauty; and only on the last half day's ride do we find our ideas of Rocky Mountain scenery realized. But when we do approach it our heads bow with reverence and our voices are mute in astonishment as we behold these wonderful scenes of creation. It is worth the tour of a continent just to behold alone the incidents of this last half-day. There is, however, all along the line something to interest the traveler constantly. Either the prairies are a curiosity, or the towns, or the Indians, or the exhilaration of the ride up and down the mountains. He can speculate upon the possible future value of this immense tract of land, 1,000 miles long and as many broad, wherein few people live, and whose mountains are rich in minerals of richest character. Every stopping-place for meals has some interesting feature, or its curiosity-shops for the sale of native minerals, woods, or animals. And the ease of travel, together with the steady, majestic movement of the train, impart a zest and life which make the enjoyment of the trip complete.

H. T. W.

ODDEN, UTAH TERRITORY.

THE GREENWOODS BLACKBERRY.

A MODERN solving of Samson's riddle—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness"—seems to have come to light recently in Litchfield County, Conn. There has been found growing upon a mountain there a species of blackberry which, whether new to culturists or not, is worthy of special mention.

It is like the common blackberry only in form and size; its color is amber, and it has a delicate perfume, which the discoverer of the fruit enthusiastically, and perhaps not unjustly, describes as "something new to creation." Furthermore, it is transparent, like the Delaware grape, delicate in texture, almost or quite seedless, and melts away in the mouth with a flavor as delectable as its fragrance.

The bush that bears this incomparable fruit is smaller than the common blackberry bush, and the stalks are green, instead of the usual reddish-brown color. The mountain that sends forth this bit of concentrated sweetness is one of a continuation of the Green Mountain range, and part of the memorable tract of land known in earlier times as "The Greenwoods."

Whether it be a new and distinct variety or not does not alter its value. It has been christened "The Greenwoods Blackberry" by an enterprising fruit-grower in the vicinity, who has taken the discovery in hand; and if thorough culture will be of avail we shall hope in due time to learn the result.

A CONTRIBUTOR.

DETROIT, Sept. 11th, 1870.

EDITOR FARMERS' COLUMN:

PLEASE tell me where I can get some English sparrows, the time to bring them to this part of the country, and how much they will cost; and please answer in columns of THE INDEPENDENT.

From FRIEND OF THE BIRDS.

Reply.—We believe Messrs. R. H. Allen & Co., of this city, have made arrangements to supply pairs of the sparrows in moderate quantities, at prices varying from $2 to $3 per pair. Address them for information.

GARDENING IN A GRAVEYARD.

AT an agricultural meeting lately held in London, one speaker, a veritable Gradgrind, announced it as his belief that there are millions of unoccupied acres in England, and he further said: "There can be no doubt that, if we grew cabbages instead of geraniums in Hyde Park, the 'masses' would (however much they might dislike the change) be the gainers, by substituting a useful vegetable for a simply ornamental flower." In the way of comment, the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "Very much may be done if we can overcome all feelings of sentiment and all respect for rights of property. A singular instance of how even cemeteries may be turned to good account, and tender reminiscences utilized, is related by one of the Paris papers. A widower, who greatly regretted his wife, had her buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. He put up no monument of marble or stone; only a small garden and a very small inscription marked the spot where his lost partner lay. First some nasturtiums were planted over the grave—the deceased was fond of nasturtiums; these were gathered on Sundays and eaten as salad. This attempt having been successful, bolder measures were adopted, and some little pink radishes grew there, as if by chance. The official in charge of the cemetery said nothing until last autumn, when he became aware of the presence of two enormous melons in the little enclosure. This time the rules and regulations were put in force, and this new form of market-gardening was brought to a close by the bereaved husband being requested to withdraw from the cemetery; which he did, complaining bitterly of the cruelty, and saying that he had so particularly valued the vegetables grown upon the grave, and eaten them with peculiar satisfaction, because he felt they were offered to him by his Zoe.

OILING FARM IMPLEMENTS.

EVERY farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand; and whenever he buys a new tool he should soak it well with the oil, and dry it by the fire or in the sun, before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay-rake, and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if well oiled, the wet will have but slight effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking in the top of the handle by oiling; the wood becomes smooth as glass by use, and is far less liable to blister the hand when long used. Ax and hammer-handles will break off where the wood enters the iron; this part particularly should be toughened with oil, to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the ax will prevent its swelling and shrinking, and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a large sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is a poor economy, at the present extravagant prices for labor, to set men at work with ordinary, old-fashioned implements. Laborers should be required to return their tools to the convenient places provided for them; after using, they should be put away clean and bright. The mold-boards of ploughs are apt to get rusty from one season to another, even if sheltered; they should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and will then remain in good order till wanted.—*Farm Journal.*

HEARTH AND HOME, the well-known Agricultural and Family Weekly, hitherto published by Pettengill, Bates & Co., has been sold to Orange Judd & Co., publishers of the *American Agriculturist*, who will continue its publication after Nov. 1st. Mr. Mitchell, we believe, retires from the chief editorship.

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Mutual Life Ins. Co.,
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ASSETS, securely invested.....$5,081,970 70
SURPLUS, free of all liabilities, 1,888,904 50
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities larger than that of any other Company of equal age, being
158 of Assets to every 100 of Liabilities.
DIVIDENDS paid to Policyholders.....$532,466 18
INCOME in 1869.....$2,423,979 00
Since the commencement of its business the Company issued policies upon more than
43,000 LIVES!
And it has paid in losses nearly
One and a Quarter Million Dollars
to the families of those who have deceased while members of the Company.
The progress of the Company for the last Five Years has been as follows:

	Assets at end of year.	Surplus at end of year.
1865	$668,284 71	$481,541 41
1866	1,467,314 20	788,417 51
1867	2,278,344 29	819,315 33
1868	3,664,962 16	1,382,199 28
1869	5,081,970 50	1,888,904 50

Within the past five years its Assets have increased more than Four and a Half Million Dollars, notwithstanding over Half a Million Dollars have been returned to Policyholders in Dividends, and over Three-Quarters of a Million Dollars paid for losses by death during that period.
As evidence of the special care taken by the Company in the selection of risks, it may be mentioned that *its ratio of losses paid to amount of risk is smaller than that of any other Company of equal size.*

TABLE OF COMPARISONS OF THE BUSINESS OF THE YEARS 1867, 1868, and 1869.

Number of policies issued in	1867	5,911
" " "	1868	8,298
" " "	1869	9,629
Increase of 1868 over 1867, 42 per cent.		
" 1869 " 1868, 16 "		
Income in	1867	$1,170,540 28
"	1868	1,720,883 34
"	1869	2,423,979 00
Increase of 1868 over 1867, 64 per cent.		
" 1869 " 1868, 106 "		

E. FESSENDEN, President.
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ATLANTIC
MUTUAL IMSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK, JANUARY 20th, 1870.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1869.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1869, to 31st Dec., 1869	$6,900,857 83
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1869	3,528,091 22
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$10,428,949 05
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1869, to 31st December, 1869	$9,472,915 41
Losses paid during the same period	3,502,945 45
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1 227,020 49
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock	$7,884,200 00
City, Bank, and other Stocks	2,000,000 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise	3,148,600 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	350,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	207,564 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	2,118,022 00
Cash in Bank	553,797 53
Total Amount of Assets	$14,469,584 34

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the First of February next.
The outstanding certificates of the Company will be redeemed and paid to the holders of, or their legal representatives, on Tuesday, the First of February next, after which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and upon certificates which were issued (in currency or gold premiums such payment of interest or redemption will be in gold.
A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1869, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of April next.
By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

JOHN D. JONES,	HENRY K. BOGERT,
CHARLES DENNIS,	DENNIS PERKINS,
W. H. H. MOORE,	JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr.,
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LEWIS CURTIS,	BENJ. BABCOCK,
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Assets, - - $12,000,000.
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This Society presents all the *real* advantages to policyholders which can with safety and PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.
Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by Law and its Charter to the most solid and reliable securities.
It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.
Special attention is directed to
THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN
of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.
The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every respect is limited only by prudence and perfect safety.
Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving nor paying out notes or premium or loans.
The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:
In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD.
In 1868, the SECOND.
In 1869, the FIRST.
"This Corporation (The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the second astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *Superintendent of the New York Ins. Department—Report*, 1868.
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5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.
Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June 1868, 1,005. Insuring $2,388,090.45.
Number of Policies Issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,268, Insuring $3,382,156.68.

SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., } Medical Board.
F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., }
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.
W. T. OKIE, M.D., Manager for the City of New York, Office 10 Wall-st., N.Y.

BRANCH OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON,
WASHINGTON, CINCINNATI,
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.

HOME
Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
Office, No. 135 Broadway.
Cash Capital - $2,500,000 00
Assets - - - - - - 4,576,235 74
Liabilities - - - - - 106,359 49
ABSTRACT OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of July, 1870.
ASSETS

Cash, Balance in Bank	$200,806 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	2,713,615 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	312,750 00
United States Stocks (market value)	1,453,350 00
State, Municipal, and Bank Stocks and Bonds (market value)	732,120 00
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items	164,592 74
Total	$4,576,235 74

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st July, 1870	$105,689 49
Due Stockholders, on account of Sixth and 23d Dividends	670 00
	$106,359 49

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. H. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.
New York, July 12th, 1870.

INSURE IN THE
SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY
Office, 119 Broadway New York
CASH CAPITAL.....$1,000,000.
FIRE OR INLAND MARINE RISKS TAKEN AT THE LOWEST ADEQUATE RATES.
A. F. HASTINGS, President.
W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
RAIMAN HASTIN, Secretary.

MANHATTAN
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE 156 AND 158 BROADWAY.
ORGANIZED A. D. 1850.
ASSETS - - - - - - - - - - $6,500,000.
ANNUAL INCOME - - - - - - - - 2,500,000.
Dividends are made on a contribution plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.
HENRY STOKES, President.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary. C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assistant Secretary. S. M. STEBBINS, Actu

The Independent

THE WOUNDED.

BY JANE G. SWISSHELM.

NAPOLEON has risen from the degradation of emperor to the place of a private citizen of no place. The French Republic is born, and may possibly live a month. King Wilhelm has obtained possession of a very large elephant, and may carpet the corridors of his cage to prevent the tramp of his keepers from disturbing the rest of the noble prisoner. The Roman pontiff is in trouble, and it appears as if the world's old despotism had received another heavy blow on one of its hydra heads; but towns and hamlets and castles are crowded with mangled men. How my heart reaches out to them, and how my ears ring with their cries of anguish! To have a faint, a very faint idea of that anguish, one must, for weeks, have walked the wards of a crowded hospital nightly, between midnight and morning. Those who visit or attend them in daylight know little of the tortures of the small hours of the night; and what I have seen of it leads me to think that not a hero among them ever died or recovered from a severe wound without at some time crying aloud in agony too great for silent endurance. All that skill and care and patient love can do for them can never make it easy for men to pass from the battle-field on a stretcher either to the grave or to convalescence. All that wealth and science and experience can contribute should be freely given to mitigate their pain; and, as THE INDEPENDENT is read by all sorts and conditions of men, I want, through its columns, to give something of my experience in the care of wounded men—some hints to nurses—in hopes that they may reach some of those who may be in active service now, or hereafter.

In the first place, every woman who goes into an hospital to nurse should purge her inmost soul of its last vestige of vanity and desire for conquest; should never for an instant, while there, entertain the thought that any man she meets there could ever be a lover. There she should spur her whole soul to a great human love, and ask God to pour into her heart such a flow of that tenderness which brought Christ from Heaven to earth, that that heart, like a little pitcher under a large fountain, may be always overflowing. To each one I would say: Be sure of your own soul; live very near the Eternal Throne; and while you mentally pray, work with all your might, making the work of your hands the accompaniment of hopeful, cheerful, loving words, of which your voice must never weary.

Science says that fruit-acids are the best preventive to hospital gangrene; and my experience goes to prove that with plenty of lemonade, judiciously given, and ordinary comfort and care, there can be no gangrene. That other curse of the hospital, "piemia," can be best encountered with plenty of warmth, gentle stimulants nutritious food, and a steady infusion of hope. I have fought it, night after night and day after day, with hot blankets, hot bricks, hot-water applications, hot green tea, friction with alcohol and water externally applied, and other such contrivances for restoring circulation, and have driven off the wolf every time. The prevention or arrest of piemia lies with the nurse; and when a physician finds one who can and will co-operate with him, he is always ready to direct what it would often be dangerous to propose without knowing how his orders would be executed.

The emergencies of hospitals often arise, the fatal changes take place, in the small hours of the night, when the surgeons are asleep. At these times I used to do whatever my judgment suggested, and report in the morning, and never had a surgeon find fault. Once they took a man's thigh-bone out in splinters, from the hip-joint down to within four inches of the knee, leaving one splinter about six inches long with that part of the hip-joint which was uninjured. Three days after the operation, they sent the chaplain's wife to tell me that, as my object was to save life in desperate cases, and I had as many patients on hand as I could possibly attend to, I need not spend my time with him, as there was no possibility of his recovery. They told him he could not live, and he told me. I went to the surgeon in charge, and said: "Doctor, he shall not die. He is from Minnesota. I know his friends. He is young, and I will not let him die. You must save him!"

He laughed, and shook his head. And after some talk I said: "If I can keep his stomach in good order and regularly supplied with good blood-making food, keep him from taking chills, keep down pain so that he can sleep, will he not get well?"

"Well," he answered, "I never knew a man die under such circumstances."

"I can do that, Doctor, if you take care of the wound."

So we made a compact. The surgeons dressed the wound and prescribed any drugs that were wanted. The male nurses did all for him that they usually did for patients, and aided me when I wanted their help. The man is living now, active and useful, walks without a cane, and has excellent health. The case, as recorded, (and the bones are preserved in the Medical Museum, Washington), was considered almost miraculous, and is a noteworthy instance of the possibilities of skillful surgery and careful nursing. For two weeks at one time I took all the sleep I got by snatches, wrapped in a gray blanket, on a cot in the ward, where there were forty beds occupied by wounded men, in an hospital of from seven hundred to one thousand men, sick and well, and I the only white woman. During those two weeks I fought piemia night and day. Cool weather had brought chills, and an hour's neglect was almost certain death.

The mode of operation was this: That mangled limb was suspended in a frame. When it was unusually painful, I changed the position by loosening or tightening the cords; raised it, lowered it, oh, so gently, imperceptibly; cut tight places in the bandages; inserted the point of a finger between the folds, and with my nail irritated the skin; brushed the toes, pinched them; rubbed the sole of the foot, bathed it with whisky and arnica; stuffed in little bits of cotton or oakum, or little cushions, first in one place and then another, to bring change of position, rest, and freedom from pain; bathed head and breast and arms and the whole limb with alcohol and water; kept up warmth by means of hot bricks and blankets, and circulation by every artifice I could contrive; kept the tea hot all night, and gave it in small quantities, varied with egg-nogg and wine. Sometimes, in paroxysms of pain, I have stood and knelt by his bed two hours, soothing away the pain, and never gave up until he slept.

The pain of mangled limbs and stumps can be relieved; and there is no need for a man to die of that exhaustion brought on by it and the consequent loss of sleep. Let me give some instances. One night, about midnight, I found a young man in frightful agony, and three nurses working over him. They whispered me he had not slept for forty-eight hours, and that the surgeon said he was gone. His left leg had been cut off above the middle of the thigh, and a cold, clamy sweat stood on his face. I drew a chair, sat down, took the stump in my hands, clasping it very gently but firmly, croning and talking to him as a mother would to a very sick baby. In twenty minutes he was sound asleep. I whispered to a nurse, who brought me a bunch of oakum; pulled off little tufts and put them where I could work them with my forefingers in to fill up the space occupied by my fingers; gradually and easily I substituted the oakum and little cushions for my hands in keeping the muscles and tendons rounded up into their relative places. I formed of them a mold, as I had done of my hands, to keep the stump round; left him sleeping, and he slept six hours. Then he woke, and was moved. The stump spread again, and the agony returned. A nurse ran for me. I held it in my hands until he slept, which was but a few moments; then arranged the mold, and he slept eight hours. For two days and nights I was enabled to save him from any serious pain. Then his mother came, and he went home with her not long after.

One night, in passing through a ward, I heard some one sobbing and weeping bitterly; and found it was a merry fellow, who was a model of courage and cheerfulness. He had a bullet-hole through a thigh, and the limb was much swollen. His head and hands were burning and dry, his feet cold, and his cry, "My God! my God!" He would not let me touch the wound, saying, "I cannot bear it." So I began by bathing his head and hands, and getting him to tell me his story. He was a Pennsylvanian, and felt neglected by his state. So I told him, while I bathed him, that the governor of Pennsylvania had specially commissioned me to come to him—to come just then, when he needed me most, and to do everything for him that could possibly be done.

"Did he?" he asked, in wonder; and then the pain rang out his refrain, "My God! my God!" which came thick as commas between his words, and with a groan, he added: "How did he know?"

"Oh," said I, "He knows all about it, and has never forgotten you for one moment; not 'Andy Curtain'—he is only a sub—but the dear Lord who governs all things; and He intends me to find out what causes this terrible pain, to relieve it, let you have a sleep, get well, go back to your regiment, and home to your mother after the war."

With much coaxing he let me examine the position of the wounded leg. I found that some ingenious nurse had put a small cushion under his heel and left the bed-cover resting on his toes. As he lay on his back, this produced a strain on the wounded muscles that would have been intolerable to sound flesh. I slid that cushion up to fill the hollow at the ankle, stuffed some oakum under the knee, and then slid a cushion in under that; changed the position of the leg, so gently that he felt no jar; raised the weight of the cover off the foot, pinched the toes, and rolled the leg up in the blankets; bathed and rubbed the well foot, to help circulation, and put on a warm sock. The pain and fever left as by magic. Less than an hour after I found him in that paroxysm of distress he was sleeping soundly, for the first time in three days. Three months afterward he joined his regiment, and went home at the close of the war.

Nurses should make it a study to relieve weary muscles by gentle changes of position, and continue the changes until the wounded limb rests. It can be done, and more men die for want of relief from pain than most people suppose. This was my specialty. I took it up by intuition, and found few cases where I failed to win for the sufferer a few hours of sleep. In hopes that my experience may reach some one who will profit by it and improve on my plan, I risk my physician's grave reproof by writing this much. On dressing gangrene wounds at Fredericksburgh, after the Battle of the Wilderness, some of the poison passed into my blood, and I have been more or less of an invalid ever since, and for some months I have been forbidden to write, or read, or work, or think. Quite a simple prescription. But those who dress gangrened wounds should be careful not to let any of the poison touch any broken skin on their own persons.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., Sept. 8th, 1870.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

DENOMINATIONAL high schools, academies, seminaries, and colleges dot our country from ocean to ocean. When a church society is organized in a newly-settled locality, it soon lends its aid to the efforts of the public school system in placing the means of a liberal education within the possible enjoyment of all. Sometimes their efforts even precede those of the state.

Thus far such schools are of incalculable benefit. But they, like many other institutions and organizations for benefiting the community and the public, have their weak points. Of these two, at this time particularly demand notice.

First, the organizations for founding and perpetuating these schools attempt more than is possible for them to do—more, in fact, than is necessary to be done. They multiply the number of high schools of various grades and colleges beyond the possibility of liberal patronage or support; and thus, by scattering the funds, a little here and a little there, found many schools, but condemn all to a low grade. Moderately-peopled states—such as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—each have, in addition to their public schools (which of themselves afford ordinary advantages in common branches) and state university, from ten to twelve denominational colleges and from fifteen to twenty seminaries and academies, besides a large and increasing number of schools of lower grades. It is impossible for states of no larger population than these, and of so little wealth, to support so many schools and of such grades; nor is it at all requisite to the educational interests of the state that they be supported.

An average attendance of from more than one hundred to two hundred students cannot be expected, and in many instances the numbers fall below even this small estimate. Very few of those in attendance would be deprived of at least equal opportunities if the number of institutions should be decreased. For, should the number of these schools be decreased, the interest in the public schools would increase, and they would offer additional advantages. Then to those desiring more than could be acquired here the easy and rapid means of travel in nearly all parts of the country would make the difference between going 25 or 100 miles to school but a small item—surely not sufficient to balance the increased advantages of a school having the united fund of six or eight of those now in existence. If these schools would unite so as to form but a few in each state—only so many as the interest of the people should require—the student would have the benefit of museums, cabinets, and laboratories, which are so essential to even a tolerable understanding of the natural sciences, but which at present are beyond the reach of most of the denominational schools. Here is a deficiency that no amount of mere word-teaching can supply. No text-books or books of reference can so facilitate the study of these branches, can give so adequate an understanding of them, as seeing the things of which they treat in their natural condition, and observing their various peculiarities, combinations, and workings. The absence of these advantages sends many an investigating student elsewhere in search of them.

Another and very important result that more united efforts would bring about would be seen in the teaching force of the country. As most of these schools now are, with their limited means, they cannot afford to pay a sufficient amount to secure the services of first-class teachers, only in those few instances where the love of teaching, the love of the church, or of both combined is sufficiently strong to secure the teacher, even at a sacrifice of his pecuniary interests. The number of such is small, indeed, when compared with the number of places awaiting them. Decrease the number of schools by uniting, raise the united ones to a higher grade, and the funds will increase; hence, increased means of securing proper teaching.

But the second weak point in church institutions to which we refer is perhaps not so detrimental as the first; yet has considerable influence in molding the character of institutions of learning, and is found in the necessity of a certain qualification required for the teachers in many of the most important positions—qualifications founded neither on learning, on the ability properly to instruct and direct others, nor on the possession of proper moral and religious views. Every president and vice-president in the colleges and every principal in the other grades of schools must in almost all cases be selected from the ministers of its particular denomination. Now, this very materially lessens the number of persons competent to fill these positions. Even if the nature of these institutions demands religious instructors, surely many lay-members are as competent teachers on general subjects as a considerable proportion of the ministry. For, while some ministers have a liberal education as well as a theological, and are careful to give due attention to the hearing of all matters that seem to be of importance, that they may the more effectually support the good or combat the evil, others (and men of profound piety many of them are), seeing every now and then points of apparent contradiction between science and the teachings of inspiration, reject the former, considering it an unprofitable and an unholy thing to pursue the investigation.

Of the first of these two classes a considerable proportion would be competent teachers, and would manage well the internal workings of institutions of learning. But these same men, taken from the preaching force of the country, would be very detrimental to the interests of that department. And no man can long endure the double work of a regular appointment as minister and a position in college as president or professor. This process is then increasing the effective force in one channel of instruction by taking it out of another; and this, without first ascertaining whether an equally good result might not have been brought about for the one without detracting from the power of the other.

But as to the latter class of the above-mentioned ministers. These rarely, if ever, make good instructors, and are almost as rarely qualified for the governing and directing an institution, a large part of whose work is to teach these same sciences which they condemn. They are prone to discourage a more than superficial knowledge of them, through the fear of weakening the effect of the lessons of Holy Writ; when, in fact, as a thorough and *true* knowledge of science is acquired the breach between science and religion disappears. The teachings of the former so blend with those of the latter that the whole seems elevated by the union; for science, without degrading, multiplies the number of views which we take of the teachings of inspiration and attracts us more intelligibly toward the right, the good, and the Author of all.

SATURDAY.

THE POWER OF LITTLENESS.

BY REV. ASA P. LYON.

It is not difficult to see how great results follow great beginnings. Every one understands that. But it is by no means easy always to trace the outgrowth of greatness from littleness.

Unquestionably, the little often contains the germ of the great. The acorn contains the germ of a mighty oak, that withstands the fury of the tempest. The babe, to-day rocked in the cradle, becomes in a few years the leader of a host, which, at his word, build up or destroy an empire. We do not maintain that success implies invariably humble beginnings; but we do maintain that history teaches very plainly that the mightiest movements which our race has witnessed have grown from humble origin.

During the last century a small, heroic band of preachers, mostly unlearned and generally persecuted, journeyed through the British Isles, insisting upon repentance and faith as necessary to salvation. They little dreamed they were to be God's instruments in organizing the Methodist Church, with several millions of communicants. A few centuries earlier, Pope Leo X heard that Luther was exciting inquiry and uneasiness among the people. He declined at first to interfere, saying that the disturbance was only a quarrel among the monks. He supposed the mighty power of the Church could at any time crush the heresy, which has since grown to a strength that promises soon to evangelize the world. Sixteen centuries earlier we find a still more notable illustration. From how humble a birthplace and how lowly a family the mightiest of all deliverers came forth. How wide the contrast between his first influence and his prophesied dominion—"from the river to the ends of the earth."

The importance of little things may not be discovered when they happen. Many a text and many a sermon have been uttered which left no satisfaction in the mind of the preacher. The audience may have been generally dull and small; but the result often appears through many generations. An incident of childhood, supposed to be hardly worth special notice at the time, has changed one's course for a whole lifetime.

Manhood looks back to the little perplexities of earlier years. They cost much sadness and many tears; yet without them the strong man would now be embarrassed at every step.

The church may learn a lesson from Satan. He poisons the waters at the fountain-head, that they may be unwholesome through their entire course. If the Church would successfully counteract his influence, they must be as patient and methodical. In youngest years and in the smallest matters, at home as well as the Sabbath school, the seed of doctrine and example must be sown. If a bad world attract to the Devil, let parents remember that a Christian home may more strongly attract to the Saviour. It is doubtful whether any influence in after life can outweigh the influence of home in early life.

In daily experience the value of small things is seen. Great fortunes are usually the result of great painstaking. Large enterprises do not succeed when attention to the smallest concerns declines. The success of some men's success is their honesty in small transactions. Customers may doubt the old adage about straws, but they still prefer to deal with a man who has been proved true when he might have been false, with nobody the wiser. The secret of some men's failure in business is the distrust hinging to their failure in some insignificant affair.

Who has ever known a professing Christian to remain steadfast amid neglect of the smaller duties? If any are to be slighted, it is far better that they be the so-called larger duties

No Christian ever fell while in the earnest discharge of the smaller services of his Master.

In an age when commercial morality is far below flood-tide, when certain sins have come to be called necessary, when deceit and fraud are dealt out in infinitesimal doses by almost everybody, men should at least bear in mind the power of little sins.

Mr. Beecher compares them to the moths that work unseen in the darkness. Because their presence is unsuspected, they go on consuming the fabric until it is utterly worthless. If it is well to watch against public and sounding sins, it is better to watch against those which are far more dangerous because unlooked for—sins of neglect and haste, sins which men sometimes fancy none but God knows and he will readily forgive.

Why not keep in mind also the power of good? We do not mean that ampler form, such as Peabody or Cornell could plan and achieve; but that form for which each day brings an opportunity. It will be well if our views agree with those of Christ. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." In a humble position a man may be doing an incalculable amount of good. If he can raise one degraded outcast to a sense of responsibility, or convert but one soul from a life of sin to a life of righteousness, it will be more to boast of through eternity than the exploits of some world-renowned heroes. If he can rescue one's character, when assailed by foes, and set it forth as worthy of praise, we may be sure that deed will not be forgotten. The one word of heartfelt sympathy, the small charity of money or food, which gladdens an afflicted disciple, though unheralded on earth, will be recalled at the last day as an act of which our Father in Heaven took no mean notice.

OUR GIRLS AND THEIR EMBARRASSMENTS.

TO "A GIRL OF THE PERIOD"*:

Respected Friend:—I think I can fully comprehend that thou art passing through one of the most critical periods in the life of woman; and my wish is that thou may select or make choice of such occupation or employment as shall tend most to promote thy own happiness and the glory of thy Creator. For thy present occupation permit me to suggest that thou read the life of Lady Guion; the life of Elizabeth Fry, who devoted several years previous to her marriage to teaching poor children; also, a small book entitled "Women of Worth," published by James C. Gregory, New York—particularly the account of Sarah Martin. And, also, to read two small books published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. One is, "Five Years in the Alleghanies"; and the other, "Toils and Triumphs of Missionary Colportage."

I am somewhat surprised that any person should be at a loss for employment, when I consider how large a portion of the white people in the Southern States can neither read nor write; and what a vast amount of humanity is running to waste in our large cities, in the shape of small children, growing up in ignorance, idleness, and the numerous vices which need not be named here. Oh, how often have I prayed that our Heavenly Father would send forth more laborers, earnest laborers, that would work with a will into this part of our harvest-field. I am one of those who believe there is a field for every one to work in; and that, if they seek it aright and in sincerity, they will find it. And, if they work faithfully and earnestly, with the ability afforded, thou may receive the answer: "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." Thy well-wishing friend,

J. D.

* S:e article "One Year Out of School," INDEPENDENT, Sept. 1st.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

A GENTLEMAN, who must be a Friend as much one way as he is the other, thinks that I might be helped to light if I would read the lives of Madam Guion, Elizabeth Fry, and Sarah Martin; and that, if I *must* have work, I can easily find it teaching the poor whites of the South to read and write, or the wretched wandering children of our own city streets. Let me thank him here for the advice. It was kindly meant, I know. I have been looking over the biographies he speaks of; but they haven't helped me. I can't see my way a bit clearer. I haven't the evidence of any such "call" as those good women (I mean Mrs. Fry and Sarah Martin) must have had. Madam Guion is too Frenchy for me. She isn't the kind of person who could help me any, and I don't believe that her biographer really understood her. I have the feeling that I have seen that kind of woman; and we never could get on.

Let alone the fact that my brother wouldn't listen to my going South for a single minute, I don't want to go myself. I haven't the kind of enthusiasm that would help me to bear up against everything a woman would meet there. I want work. I would do it "with a will" from the out-and-out love of it. I couldn't be a help to anybody in that field, and should, for my own part, be perfectly miserable. God loveth the cheerful giver. Am I to be pronounced selfish in this, and insincere in the wish I express that I had something to do? When young men ask for work, are they answered in this way? If their parents know anything, they look for some fitness for an occupation, and put them at the one they will be likely to succeed in best.

So far as I can see, the people who are doing missionary work successfully, at home or abroad, are those who understand it hopefully, holding nothing back, Ananias fashion. They have either been disappointed in the world, and are too much for themselves, and so take up the woes of the unfortunate in sheer desperation, hoping to get rid of themselves that way; or else they are so tormented and enraged by the miseries and ignorances of the people they go to help that they can't resist the impulse. With either kind there is a probability of enthusiastic working. I don't belong to either kind; and so, if I found myself in such a business, I should turn out a hindrance to "the society's operations" or a hypocrite. One of my schoolmates went to China as a missionary because there didn't seem to be any place for her in this country, and she thought the sea-voyage would be delightful.

The Friend who makes these suggestions seems to think there is no chance for a woman anywhere except as a missionary. It is a great vocation—perhaps, looked at in one light, the greatest; but, as I said, I haven't felt that I was called to it. One of the apostles said: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of Christ." Anybody who feels that way, man or woman, is the one to preach it. If everybody who does preach it feels that way we shall have the millennium in a year or two!

I took the letter written by a Friend to Miss Mason, and read it to her. I found her with a little old drab-colored book in her hand, its title printed on a yellow square on the cover. She heard the letter out, and then without a word gave me the book, with her finger on a passage, which I remember well enough to copy: "All the generous promptings of chivalry, all the poetry of romantic gallantry, depend upon woman's retaining her place as dependent and defenseless, and making no claims and maintaining no rights but what are the gifts of honor, rectitude, and love."

You may be sure I laughed well when I read that. "In the name of common sense," I said, "who wrote that?"

"Read the title-page," said she. Miss Mason is a teacher who knows how to appreciate highly an "inclination for silence" in some of our friends; but it is mere fanaticism that supposes that God will work through "silent communion," as Madame Guyon does repeatedly. Her logic is curious. That "the sun, the moon, and stars shine in silence" she adduces as an argument in favor of this silent way of holding religious communion. But not only was speech rather in the way than otherwise, but even presence in the same place was not needful. "I have," she writes to another, "an inward conviction that God is enriching your heart by my humble instrumentality. . . . The Spirit has revealed to me your state, when I have received no intelligence from you." To another she writes: "When I am with you, there is only a simple, imperceptible transmission from my soul to yours. You do not perceive any marked results, and they are not great, because you are not in a state to receive much, and often interrupt me by speaking, which causes in me a vacillation of grace." Which reads like the advertisement of a mesmeric physician. Considering that this is an edition edited, and in some sense expurgated, for popular circulation in America, it is not wonderful that Bishop Bossuet found enough in her writings, in the original, to cause him to protest somewhat indignantly against the spread of a mysticism so peculiarly dangerous to the imaginative people about the French court, and the only commendation of which is that it was indeed a sort of piety in a day when piety of any sort, except that of a gross superstition, was exceedingly rare.

—With all the facility that our English and American writers display in manufacturing indifferently-written novels, narrating the intrigues of rakes with other men's wives, we cannot see any excuse for translating French novels of the same poor and vicious sort. Doubtless, however, the publishers of *Camors; a Love Story* find that it pays, or they would not take the trouble to have done into poor English a book that is bad without having the interest and excitement of most bad books. Camors is a young French count, who is a first-class villain, and his mistress, Madame de Campvallon, is a match for him; but their actions are all so stiff, so puppet-like, so inconsistent with the deep passion the author attributes to them, that the book is immoral while it is so utterly weak that it can only be dangerous to fools. It is a pity, however, to corrupt idiots. (T. B. Peterson & Bro.)

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Book Table.

THAT much of our nineteenth-century piety is too external and superficial is a fact not to be denied. That we might learn some lessons from the mystics is also unquestionable. But we cannot learn them by any servile copying, and we shall not learn the lessons by reducing mysticism to rule, by driving stakes and setting bounds, as our modern perfectionist writers do, and then by preaching a mysticism thus reduced to a system as obligatory upon all. The very essence of mysticism lies in the freedom to individual development. And its excellence, such as it is, depends upon the possession of a genius for it. It may not be imposed upon those who are too normally and healthfully constructed to receive it. It is for some the only line of growth. But we should be sorry to have it preached generally as it has been at a few of what are modestly called national camp-meetings. There is a growing tendency in some quarters to make piety too subjective—to think so much of yourself that you forget others, to turn the eyes of the mind round so that they unnaturally look within instead of without, at self instead of at Christ and Christ's work; and we speak from actual observation when we say that such piety is "barren and unfruitful." The book which has called forth these thoughts is an abridged edition of *The Letters of Madame Guyon*, in one small volume, edited by Mrs. P. L. Upham. (W. C. Palmer, Jr.) It is evidently intended for general circulation, and, unaccompanied by criticism or caution, will undoubtedly do harm. We confess that Madame Guyon does not seem to us a very good saint to canonize. She was possessed of a genius for devoutness and religious sentimentalism; but it was mixed with not a little transparent self-conceit and a good deal of cant. Every natural action of the mind, according to its own law, is spoken of as if it were supernatural. "You are not forgotten, my dear E. God has engraven you on my heart," she writes. Which is mere cant. She says to one correspondent: "At our last interview I had an inclination for silence; but, finding in you an aversion to silent communion," etc. We should appreciate highly an "inclination for silence" in some of our friends; but it is mere fanaticism that supposes that God will work through "silent communion," as Madame Guyon does repeatedly. Her logic is curious. That "the sun, the moon, and stars shine in silence" she adduces as an argument in favor of this silent way of holding religious communion. But not only was speech rather in the way than otherwise, but even presence in the same place was not needful. "I have," she writes to another, "an inward conviction that God is enriching your heart by my humble instrumentality. . . . The Spirit has revealed to me your state, when I have received no intelligence from you." To another she writes: "When I am with you, there is only a simple, imperceptible transmission from my soul to yours. You do not perceive any marked results, and they are not great, because you are not in a state to receive much, and often interrupt me by speaking, which causes in me a vacillation of grace." Which reads like the advertisement of a mesmeric physician. Considering that this is an edition edited, and in some sense expurgated, for popular circulation in America, it is not wonderful that Bishop Bossuet found enough in her writings, in the original, to cause him to protest somewhat indignantly against the spread of a mysticism so peculiarly dangerous to the imaginative people about the French court, and the only commendation of which is that it was indeed a sort of piety in a day when piety of any sort, except that of a gross superstition, was exceedingly rare.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE AND MAKE UP CLUBS.
ON THE FIRST OF OCTOBER
Will be Published Part I of the New Volume (1870-71) *of*

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.
Edited by THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

The Publishers have much pleasure in announcing that whatever has hitherto attracted public favor to this Magazine will be continued and extended; and that, in addition to the shorter articles, the following IMPORTANT SERIAL WORKS will all go on together next year, and be completed within the volume:

I. YOUR LIFE AND MINE. *A Record of Struggles and Strugglers.* By A CITY MAN.

II. THE STORY OF CHARITY IN LONDON. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

III. AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. *Impressions of a Three Months' Visit in* 1870. By W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D.

IV. A NEW WORK By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

V. A NEW WORK By the Rev. ANTHONY W. THOROLD.

VI. A NEW WORK By EDWARD GARRETT.

VII. A NEW WORK By HENRY ALFORD, D.D.

And it will be PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED with Woodcuts from Designs by PINWELL, HOUGHTON, MAHONEY, ZWECKER, FRASER, WALKER, THOMSON, HUGHES, WOLF, DALZIEL, and others.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE endeavors to answer to its title in all respects. Its articles are varied, and touch on subjects connected with Christian thought, work, and life. Laymen teach in it without sheep's and clergymen speak without ascending the pulpit. It seeks to be cheerful and healthy in its tone, wise in its teaching, tender in its spirit, and catholic as befits the day. To make the MAGAZINE plain to common people, without being vulgar; interesting to cultivated minds, without being unintelligible to men of ordinary education; to make good our entry into cottages as well as drawing-rooms; to be read by people of all denominations; to be

Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURAL EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA.

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON TOP OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

LEAVING Cheyenne behind us—the largest of all the places we have yet passed, and still not containing over 2,000 inhabitants, where once year ago there were fully 6,000—we commence our ascent of the mountains. The grade is uniform, rising in 33 miles 2,200 feet, and for the last 13 miles over 80 feet to the mile. The surface of the country is still smooth and undulating, and covered sparsely with the short, crisp grass; while, as we reach on the top of an immense mound, stretching afar for many miles in every direction, and 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean. Towards the north we behold, perhaps 25 or more miles away, a magnificent amphitheater of 25 miles diameter, sunk deep in the rocks and surrounding hills, and known as the Granite Cañon. Toward the south, 105 miles away, Pike's Peak looms up, plainly visible; to the northwest, 100 miles distant, we see Elk Mountain, a famous landmark; and 75 miles to the southwest is Long's Peak. No range of mountains of important altitude is near, no ravines of great depth, and the traveler who expects startling scenery of awe-inspiring magnificence, or mountains of stupendous height, will be astonished at the evenness of the landscape, although the majestic distance will surprise him. But how exhilarating the atmosphere! You almost feel ready to take wings and fly away. The air is cool and bracing, the sun shines brilliantly upon this immense table-land, and the effect of light and atmosphere, together with the sensation of extreme altitude, overlooking peak after peak and distant ranges of mountains, give to the beholder a feeling of deep inspiration and high exultation. In other words, you seem to be on the *top of creation*. It is easy to feel happy and joyous there. Every passenger feels light-hearted and merry. Every face wears a smile.

The scene is really one of sublime grandeur. The wild, desolate country around, stretching we know not how many miles away, never relieved by a single tree and scarcely by a shrub, reveal bleakness and desolation everywhere; and, as the sun declines and the shades of night draw near, they tell us the cold winds come sweeping down across the summit, and whistle with a fierceness we never know at home in our comfortable rooms. Here we have felt such a sensation of being utterly alone. No life-inspiring object greets the eye. All is solitude, complete isolation from mankind, and you are left alone in the presence of your Creator.

The exceeding lightness of the atmosphere sometimes affects the traveler unfavorably. At first it is difficult to breathe, the lungs expand and the heart beats quick; but after a few moments you become accustomed to it, and how delicious are the deep draughts of mountain air, reviving you and throwing a double power of invigoration into your frame.

WINTER WEATHER.

The winters here are of unparalleled severity. Even in summer the cool winds sweep sometimes gently, sometimes strongly, yet constantly stirring; and often our sleeping-cars need fires to make them warm and comfortable. But in winter the hottest fire can scarcely overcome the piercing cold; and double windows, double blankets, and double overcoats hardly suffice to make the tourist comfortable. Sometimes little snow remains upon the ground, being mostly driven and swept away by the winds. The largest quantity yet that remained upon the ground for over a year past was but 3 inches, and that fell in the month of May. No danger to the working of the railroad is apprehended from the mere *depth* of the *snow*; but the rapid formation of drifts causes a very serious inconvenience. Hence, we often see snow-sheds, completely covering the track, wherever we pass through a cut of any magnitude, while on shorter curves or cuts a snow-fence, about 8 feet high, stretches along the track for several hundred feet in length and about 100 or 150 feet back. The fences interrupt the driving snow, and form an eddy or current of air, which piles the snow in huge drifts between them and the track, thus keeping the railroad in a measure quite clear. The east winds usually bring cold rains and the deepest snows; but the worst storms come from the southwest. The coldest day of the winter of 1868–9 the thermometer stood 50deg. below zero. On the warmest day of the season the thermometer stood 92 deg. above zero. In summer time, however, in the middle of the day, it often rises to 60, 70, or even 80 deg.; but recedes rapidly at night to 30 and 40 deg.

A RIDE ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Taking our seat on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, in company with several others of our party, who had nerved themselves for the excitement, we prepare for the descent. The engineer pulls the valve, the engine gives a few puffs, and in a few moments away goes the entire train on a down grade, which stops not for 400 miles. We hold our breath as the speed increases, steam is shut off from the cylinders, and the engineer joins the company. Apparently the train is left to itself, its own weight propelling it in its rapid descent of 60 feet to the mile. In 15 miles the fall is 900 feet, in which the *Bridger* agrees before us; and for an instant we stand up and look down its entire height of 126 feet, and then it is gone. Its 650 feet of length hardly takes a moment to pass, while the little silvery stream that trickles down below, and hides its course over and anon in the banks or among the flowers, seems but a thread—so small we cannot measure it. As the train continues its progress, the plains begin to appear, and then to widen, until at Laramie, twenty-four miles from the summit, we enter the vast Laramie Plains, which extend east, west, and south beyond our sight. This fine belt of grazing-land is about twenty miles wide and sixty miles long, covered with rich, nutritious grass, where stock can be fed nearly all the year round, and from whence immense numbers of cattle are shipped weekly to the east. We see in the *bottoms*, the lowlands, where the grass is most luxuriant and of the deepest green, thousands of cattle, horses, etc., grazing at leisure; and sometimes they gather so close to the railroad as to become a source of positive inconvenience to travel. The expense of fattening cattle here is said to be about the same as in Texas; but here the shipping facilities East and West are much more excellent. A car-load of horses or cattle to Chicago costs less than $200, or $20 per animal, and the actual cost here of a fine horse is but $7 to $15. The Plains are elevated an average of 7,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and the air, though cool, is dry. Frost makes its appearance early in the fall; but the grass is fully cured by the sun before its arrival, so that the cold weather has no injurious effect upon it. Little snow falls here, and cattle feed all winter upon this grass. The Plains have an unlimited capacity for stock-raising, and are located in a most picturesque drift of the mountains. Toward the South and the southwest, across the Plains, we see the magnificent mountains of the Colorado Territory, rising upward of 9,000 and 10,000 feet in hight, their summits covered with snow or hidden by the clouds. At times the sun glistens through openings in the clouds, and again is hid altogether, its alternations imparting life and beauty to the view.

At Laramie we are joined by another corps of our party, and for once our locomotive does not scare enough to fill the demands for speed. Two hang on to every flag-staff, five single their legs over the cow-catcher, while half-a-dozen more make use of every available support behind and on the back railing; and away we go. The fun is exciting, and becomes intense as we time by our watches a speed of 50 and 55 miles an hour. On before us stretch the plains of Wyoming, Como, and Medicine Bow. We catch elegant views as we make sudden bends or some magnificent sweep, and almost double back upon our former course. At one place we remember a splendid curve of 6 miles, where we sweep around a long valley, and yet return again to within a mile of our starting-place. Elk Mountain looms up on our vision; and as night falls upon us we enter Rawlings, 30 miles from the summit. The exhilaration of the scene, the intense excitement of a ride so fine, so daring, and bold, and the glimpses we catch of scenery so beautiful and inspiring are too great a strain upon our energies, and it is long before we can close our eyes in quiet slumber. One grand ride like this fills to the full the enjoyment of the tourist. Were the Pacific Railroad worthy of no other interest, we would be satisfied with that grand locomotive ride down the Rocky Mountains, with the deep blue sky and snow-topped peaks around and above us.

ECHO CANYON.

The next morning gives us a fine view of the *Green River Country*. Standing upon the rear platform of the train, as it first sweeps around the mountain side and strikes the banks of the Green River, we look down its beautiful valley, so green and peaceful, and behold on its furthest verge the bold rocks of the Colorado Cañon, made so memorable by the exploration of Major Powell's expedition. Our vision is necessarily short, but the view is grand; those majestic rocks, with their precipitous sides, appear to rise 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the level of the valley, while the pure azure sky imparts a bluish softened haze, enhancing the picturesqueness of the scene.

At Wahsatch, a few miles on, we pass the *Wilder Ennological Party*, just returned from California; and have a few moments to enjoy their conversation, and to taste a little of the immense trout caught in the stream near the station. An observation car, about 50 feet in length, with seats at the sides, and without any cover overhead, is attached to the rear of the train. The passengers throng in from all the other cars, and soon we are dashing among the grand rocks of *Echo Canyon*. We pass first, and suddenly too, through a tunnel, which is of itself an interesting feature. It is 770 feet in length, cut through hard red clay and sandstone. From the east it is approached by two long pieces of trestle-work, one of which is 330 feet long and 30 feet high, the other 450 feet long and 75 feet high.

On emerging from the tunnel on the westward side of the mountain, we beheld a beautiful little canyon down below us, with a narrow strip of grassy bottom land. The track follows closely the sides of the mountains, with scarcely room for an additional foot of soil on each side, while we seem suspended midway between earth and heaven. A steep down-grade of nearly 50 feet to the mile carries the train along with thundering velocity, and at its foot we reach the wildest and most majestic scenery of the trip.

We stand in our car and look upward to the summits of bald and precipitous rocks, 500, 800, and 1,000 feet in hight. Some of them are called fanciful names, from resemblance to historic objects. A fine old bowlder, jutting out its prominent point in mid-air, is called the *Prow of the Great Eastern*, from its almost lifelike resemblance to the prow of an immense ship. A little further on is a rock which, true as Nature could have made it, represents an Indian woman in a kneeling posture. *Monument Rock* towers up between two immense bowlders, a majestic column. A group of rocks at another point are so disposed as to form an immense amphitheater, ready for some theatrical or tragic display; and for sixteen miles we have an uninterrupted view of a succession of curious rocks, of an average altitude of 1,000 feet. Their sides are as smooth-shaven and precipitous as if cut with a knife, while at Cheyenne they are easily detached from the range and stand like everlasting sentinels. Rifts in the sides of the chain reveal other little canyons and gorges beyond, with occasional strips of grass or a few shrubs and clumps of trees. The railroad track follows the foot of the canyon through its entire length and within 250 feet of its base, and the reader may imagine the grandeur of the view when he has to turn his head upward at an angle of 90 deg. to behold their summits and then gaze for over an hour. There is nothing like it, East or West, within the range of ordinary railroad travel. Stupendous rocks, apparently thrown up by volcanic action, their sides showing at various intervals toward their summit that at some time far in the distant past they have been washed by some mighty, turbulent inland sea. We see solid walls everywhere—walls of sandstone walls of granite, walls of red clay—apparently having withstood for centuries rain, wind, and the effects of time; and still they stand, presenting their towering battresses and towering domes, their noble forms of pillar, column, and spire, in awe-inspiring majesty and weird grandeur to the vision of the traveler. As a fitting scene to close this glorious panorama, Pulpit Rock stands at the foot of the canyon, in the form of a tremendous bowlder of detached rock, something like a pulpit, overlooking the valley of the Echo River; while beneath it a sudden curve of the railroad cuts close under the edge of the rock. We pass this and the Witch's Cave, and our train comes in sight of Echo City.

WEBER CANYON.

Here we make friends with the engineer, and prepare for another glorious locomotive ride. Standing firmly in front of the lantern, with a tight grip upon the rail beneath it, we bare our heads to the breeze and swing our hats as we approach Weber River. From Echo City for six miles the country is laid out as a plain, and cultivated to some extent by Mormon settlers. We see also their fortifications, on the other side of the plain. At the western end of the valley the mountains close abruptly, leaving a narrow and circuitous passage-way, about 30 yards wide, where the Weber River glides down with rapid current, and leaves only a small strip, of less than 15 feet, at its side for the railroad track. Even this has been washed away by the severe spring torrents, and the grading has often to be renewed.

For 40 miles the river rushes foaming along this deep ravine, on either side two high mountain walls stretching upward 800, 1,000, and 1,500 feet. The locomotive follows the bank of the river closely during the entire distance, often crossing it on wall-built bridges or skirting it on the edge of some deep ravine. For the first two miles the bed of the railroad is cut almost wholly out of the solid mountain rock. We pass a solitary tree, the largest one we had noticed since leaving Omaha, standing beside the track, exactly at the close of the 1,000th mile from Omaha. A large sign swings from its lower branch, bearing its name "The Thousand Mile Tree." It is a singular fortune that it should happen to be exactly on the spot; and, as it is large and fine looking, it is an object of curiosity.

Just beyond this tree, on the left-hand side, we pass the "Devil's Slide." It is a parallel row of narrow slabs of rock, from 50 to 200 feet in hight, standing on edge, and running up the side of the mountain. We should judge them to be about 10 feet apart; but distances are very deceptive, and we find them to be really from 50 to 100 feet apart. Their hight is about 1,000 feet. The sides of the mountains here on the left side of the river have a slight slope, not being wholly precipitous, although their altitude is from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. On the left side of the canyon the mountains are continuous, and at frequent points jut out in bold promontories or startling angular rocks. On the right side, close to the railroad, the mountains are almost entirely precipitous, and often split asunder, showing immense clefts and reefs of startling abruptness.

Crossing the river, we hold our breath as we dart into a dim, cavernous tunnel, cut through the solid rock; while above us juts out Finger Rock, a long, slender rock protruding from the mountain and perhaps 60 feet in length. We emerge from the darkness of the tunnel just in front of the Devil's Gate. Was ever a place more appropriately named? The mountains close in on every hand, seeming to bar'all further progress; yet the river, with impetuous velocity dashing its way along, by a bold circuit enters the narrow gorge at its side and pours its volume of water under the frowning cliffs. The mountain sides tower up 2,000 feet, precipitous as the side of a house, and the water foams and bubbles and writhes with the utmost fury. Just at the outlet to the strange, seething cauldron the railroad bridge has been thrown across the stream, fully 50 feet above its surface. Here the train stops a moment to permit the astonished tourists to view it more thoroughly. Was ever a scene more awe-inspiring and wonderful than this? What art could never have done Nature has accomplished. We gaze upon it with perfect admiration, and look from river and torrent up the steep sides of those tremendous rocks, and down again, and are completely lost in wonder and in praise. We think of that grand old verse of David: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork."

The rest of the canyon offers slight attraction, compared with what we have just seen, although it is still grand and beautiful. We sit down on the front bar of the engine, and gaze in silence at scene after scene of this lovely valley. Suddenly we turn to the right, emerge from the ravine, and behold the valley of the Great Salt Lake before us. Thankful to Heaven for such glorious scenery and such an inspiriting ride, we are glad to welcome Ogden, and prepare for our sojourn a few days among the Mormons. It seems strange that the finest scenery of this tour should be gathered up in so small a compass—the last 50 miles out of 1,032 containing all that is really grand and astonishing. For two days after leaving Omaha we travel through dry, tame prairies, with few startling objects of natural beauty; and only on the last half day's ride do we find our ideas of Rocky Mountain scenery realized. But when we do approach it our heads bow with reverence and our voices are mute in astonishment as we behold these wonderful scenes of creation. It is worth the tour of a continent just to behold alone the incidents of this last half-day. There is, however, all along the line something to interest the traveler constantly. Either the prairies are a curiosity, or the towns, or the Indians, or the exhilaration of the ride up and down the mountains. He can speculate upon the possible future value of this immense tract of land, 1,000 miles long and as many broad, wherein few people live, and whose mountains are rich in minerals of richest character. Every stopping-place for meals has some interesting feature, or its curiosity-shops for the sale of native minerals, woods, or animals. And the ease of travel, together with the steady, majestic movement of the train, impart a zest and life which make the enjoyment of the trip complete.

H. T. W.

OGDEN, UTAH TERRITORY.

THE GREENWOODS BLACKBERRY.

A MODERN solving of Samson's riddle—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness"—seems to have come to light recently in Litchfield County, Conn. There has been found growing upon a mountain there a species of blackberry which, whether new to culturists or not, is worthy of special mention.

It is like the common blackberry only in form and size; its color is amber, and it has a delicate perfume, which the discoverer of the fruit enthusiastically, and perhaps not unjustly, describes as "something new to creation." Furthermore, it is transparent, like the Delaware grape, delicate in texture, almost or quite seedless, and melts away in the mouth with a flavor as delectable as its fragrance.

The bush that bears this incomparable fruit is smaller than the common blackberry bush, and the stalks are green, instead of the usual reddish-brown color. The mountain that sends forth this bit of concentrated sweetness is one of a continuation of the Green Mountain range, and part of the memorable tract of land known in earlier times as "The Greenwoods."

Whether it be a new and distinct variety or not does not alter its value. It has been christened "The Greenwoods Blackberry" by an enterprising fruit-grower in the vicinity, who has taken the discovery in hand; and if thorough culture will be of avail we shall hope in due time to learn the result.

A CONTRIBUTOR.

DETROIT, Sept. 11th, 1870.

EDITOR FARMERS' COLUMN:

PLEASE tell me where I can get some English sparrows, the time to bring them to this part of the country, and how much they will cost; and please answer in columns of THE INDEPENDENT.

From FRIEND OF THE BIRDS.

Reply.—We believe Messrs. R. H. Allen & Co., of this city, have made arrangements to supply pairs of the sparrows in moderate quantities, at prices varying from $2 to $3 per pair. Address them for information.

GARDENING IN A GRAVEYARD.

AT an agricultural meeting lately held in London, one speaker, a veritable Gradgrind, announced it as his belief that there are millions of unoccupied acres in England, and he further said: "There can be no doubt that, if we grew cabbages instead of geraniums in Hyde Park, the 'masses' would (however much they might dislike the change) be the gainers, by substituting a useful vegetable for a simply ornamental flower." In the way of comment, the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "Very much can be done if we can overcome all feelings of sentiment and all respect for rights of property. A singular instance of how even cemeteries may be turned to good account, and tender reminiscences utilized, is related by one of the Paris papers. A widower, who greatly regretted his wife, had her buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. He put up no monument of marble or stone; only a small garden and a very small inscription marked the spot where his lost partner lay. First some nasturtiums were planted over the grave—the deceased was fond of nasturtiums; these were gathered on Sundays and eaten as salad. This attempt having been successful, bolder measures were adopted, and some little pink radishes grew there, as if by chance. The official in charge of the cemetery said nothing until last autumn, when he became aware of the presence of two enormous melons in the little enclosure. This time the police regulations were put in force, and this new form of market-gardening was brought to a close by the bereaved husband being requested to withdraw from the cemetery; which he did, complaining bitterly of the cruelty, and saying that he had so particularly valued the vegetables grown upon the grave, and eaten them with peculiar satisfaction, because he felt they were offered to him by his Zoe.

OILING FARM IMPLEMENTS.

EVERY farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand; and whenever he buys a new tool he should soak it well with the oil, and dry it by the fire or in the sun, before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay-rake, and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if well oiled, the wet will have but slight effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking in the top of the handle by oiling; the wood becomes smooth as glass by use, and is far less liable to blister the hand when long used. Harness needles and awls, if oiled, will go where the wood enters the iron; this part particularly should be toughened with oil, to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the ax will prevent its swelling and shrinking, and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a large sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is a poor economy, at the present extravagant prices for labor, to set men at work with ordinary, old-fashioned implements. Laborers should be required to return their tools to the convenient places provided for them; after using, they should be put away clean and bright. The mold-boards of ploughs are apt to get rusty from one season to another, even if sheltered; they should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and will then remain in good order till wanted.—*Farm Journal.*

HEARTH AND HOME, the well-known Agricultural and Family Weekly, hitherto published by Pettengill, Bates & Co., has been sold to Orange Judd & Co., publishers of the *American Agriculturist*, who will continue its publication after Nov. 1st. Mr. Mitchell, we believe, retires from the chief editorship.

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HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, Etc.
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Growers and Importers of Trees, Plants, and Seeds. Nurseries established 1850.

RHODODENDRONS!
There is no plant so beautiful. Its foliage is broad, evergreen, and hardy; its flowers superb beyond description. It can be planted in September.
For these and other varieties of TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, etc., address
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HALL'S PATENT HUSKING GLOVES
ENABLE THE WEARER TO HUSK 50 PER CENT. FASTER THAN WITHOUT THEM, AND ABSOLUTELY PREVENT SORE HANDS. Made of the best leather, with metallic cheekstalls, and. In ordering, state size—large, medium, or small. Send for sample or circular. Price, $1.50 per pair. A liberal discount to Dealers and Canvassing Agents. Address THE HALL HUSKING GLOVE CO., 101 and 103 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

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PARSONS & CO offer well-grown specimens of these plants in the quantities mentioned.
The smallest order will be supplied, and dealers who purchase by the thousand are invited to examine their stock.
The Camellias include the best varieties, and a very large proportion of Double White. The Azaleas include the new and fine sorts. For Catalogues, apply by mail to
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Ground Bone, Bone Meal, and Superphosphate of Lime, all of which are guaranteed *free* from adulteration. Send for circular
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CHESTNUT TREES.
1,100,000, four inches to four feet high. Best timber and nut tree planted. A sixteen-page circular free.
Also, a splendid general assortment of nursery stock. Catalogues free. Nos. 1 and 2 for planters, No. 4 for the wholesale trade only. Address
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Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.

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AT SCHENCK & RYON'S BEDDING WAREHOUSE can be found, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, the largest and best-assorted stock of
FEATHER-BEDS, BOLSTERS, PILLOWS, FINE DOWN,
American Live Geese, Russian, and German FEATHERS,
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BLANKETS, COMFORTS, and COUNTERPANES,
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Linen and Cotton SHEETING and PILLOW-SLIPS,
Plain, Ruffled, and Embroidered to order.
Same as bottom, and, also, COTS, SPRING MATTRESSES, etc. Bed Laces, Towels, Napkins, Doyllies, Tickings, and Buntings in every style and quality.
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(opposite to and regarded as a suburb of Troy) made the unrivaled reputation of the BELLS and is the well-known production of
CHURCH, ACADEMY, CHIME, and other BELLS
still stands, as it has for twenty-five years past, unequaled either in extent or excellence. Our Bells are made solely of pure copper and tin, are fully warranted, and are mounted with our Patent Rotary Yoke and other Improved fixtures. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address, MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY, TROY, N. Y.
C. & E. & G. E. MENEELY.

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TROY, N. Y.—A large assortment of Church, Academy, Fire Alarm, and other Bells, constantly on hand and made to order. Made of genuine Bell Metal (Copper and Tin). Hung with Rotary Mountings, the best and most durable ever used. WARRANTED SATISFACTORY. Large Illustrated Catalogue sent free upon application to
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INSURANCE.

PHŒNIX
Mutual Life Ins. Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
ASSETS, securely invested.....$5,081,970 70
SURPLUS, free of all liabilities, 1,868,904 50
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities larger than that of any other Company of equal age, being
158 of Assets to every 100 of Liabilities.
DIVIDENDS paid to Policyholders.....$532,466 18
INCOME in 1869.....$2,423,979 00
Since the commencement of its business the Company issued policies upon more than
43,000 LIVES!
And it has paid in losses nearly
One and a Quarter Million Dollars
to the families of those who have deceased while members of the Company.
The progress of the Company for the last Five Years has been as follows:

Assets at end of year.	Surplus at end of year.
1865 ..... $869,294 71	$181,541 41
1866 ..... 1,837,314 95	686,317 71
1867 ..... 2,776,744 39	919,715 21
1868 ..... 3,904,950 18	1,382,199 39
1869 ..... 5,081,970 50	1,868,904 50

Within the past five years its Assets have increased more than **Four and a Half Million Dollars**, notwithstanding over **Half a Million Dollars** have been returned to Policyholders in Dividends, and over **Three-Quarters of a Million Dollars** paid for losses by death during that period.
As evidenced of the special care taken by the Company in the selection of risks, it may be mentioned that *its ratio of losses paid to amount of risk is smaller than that of any other Company of equal size.*

TABLE OF COMPARISONS OF THE BUSINESS OF THE YEARS 1867, 1868, and 1869.

Number of policies issued in	1867.....	5,311
" " "	1868.....	6,239
" " "	1869.....	5,653
Increase of 1868 over 1867, 42 per cent.		
" 1869 " 1867, 6 "		
Income in	1867.....	$1,170,040.28
"	1868.....	1,720,831.54
"	1869.....	2,14,2,979.00
Increase of 1868 over 1867, 64 per cent.		
" 1869 " 1867, 105 "		

E. FESSENDEN, President.
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Agents Wanted.
ADDRESS BOX 6088,
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ATLANTIC
MUTUAL IMSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK, JANUARY 20th, 1870.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1869.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1869, to 31st Dec., 1869.....	$6,000,637 83
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1869.....	3,538,091 22
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	$9,628,729 05
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1869, to 31st December, 1869.....	$8,472,015 41
Losses paid during the same period.....	$2,302,245 45
Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....	$1,257,620 49

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks.....	$7,855,200 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise.....	3,148,000 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....	207,584 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....	2,215,432 00
Cash in Bank.....	953,797 13
Total Amount of Assets.....	$14,469,580 94

SIX per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holder thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the FIRST of February next.
The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders there of, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled. Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.
A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1869, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of April next.
By order of the Board.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, W. H. H. MOORE, HENRY COIT, WM. C. PICKERSGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, WM. H. ROBBINS, R. WARREN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARSTOW, C. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROBT. C. FERGUSSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, FRANCIS SKIDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, HENRY K. BOGERT, DENNIS FERRIS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr., C. A. HAND, B. J. HOWLAND, BENJ. BABCOCK, ROBT. B. MINTURN, GORDON W. BURNHAM, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, JAMES LOW, GEORGE ST. STEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, ROBERT L. STUART, SHEPPARD GANDY, ROBERT L. TAYLOR, WILLIAM T. BLYSS, SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, JAMES G. DE FOREST, CHAS. F. TIRRETT.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
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Assets, - - $12,000,000.
Income, - - - $6,500,000.
This Society presents all the *real* advantages to policyholders which can with safety and PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.
Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by Law and its Charter to the most solid and reliable securities.
It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.
Special attention is directed to
THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN
of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.
The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every respect is limited only by prudence and perfect safety.
Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving nor paying out notes as premiums or losses.
The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:
In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD.
In 1868, the SECOND.
In 1869, the FIRST.
"This Corporation (The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the modern system of progress in the business of Life Insurance."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *Superintendent of the State Ins. Department—Report*, 1868.
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HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
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Life Insurance Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.
For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.
ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.
1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3 No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.
Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.
Number of Policies issued from June, 1865, to June 1868, 1,005. Insuring $3,588,090.45.
Number of Policies issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,268, Insuring $3,382,156.68.
SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. G. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., } Medical Board.
F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., }
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WASHINGTON,	CINCINNATI,
ST. LOUIS,	CHICAGO.

HOME Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
Office, No. 135 Broadway.
Cash Capital - $2,500,000 00
Assets - - - - - 4,576,235 74
Liabilities - - - - - 106,359 49
ABSTRACT OF THE THIRTY-SECOND SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of July, 1870.
ASSETS

Cash, Balance in Bank.....	$200,806 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate).....	1,713,015 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand.....	312,750 00
United States Stocks (market value).....	1,455,350 00
State, Municipal, and Bank Stocks and Bonds (market value).....	753,120 00
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items.....	101,593 74
Total.....	$4,576,235 74

LIABILITIES

Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st July, 1870.....	$106,689 49
Due Stockholders, on account of 31st and 32d Dividends.....	670 00
	$106,359 49

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Prest's
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Prest.
J. B. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. H. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
F. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.
New York, July 12th, 1870.

INSURE IN THE SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY
Office, 119 Broadway New York
CASH CAPITAL.....$1,000,000.
FIRE OR INLAND MARINE RISKS TAKEN AT THE LOWEST ADEQUATE RATES.
A. F. HASTINGS, President.
W. B. SUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
NATHAN HARRIS, Secretary.

MANHATTAN
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE 156 AND 158 BROADWAY.
ORGANIZED A. D. 1850.
ASSETS - - - - - - - - - - - - $6,500,000.
ANNUAL INCOME - - - - - - - - 2,500,000.
Dividends are made on a contribution plan, and are paid annually

HARRISON SAFETY BOILER.

OVER 1,000 BOILERS IN USE.

JOHN A. COLEMAN, Agent,

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

HEALTH'S DELICIOUS ELIXIR.

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